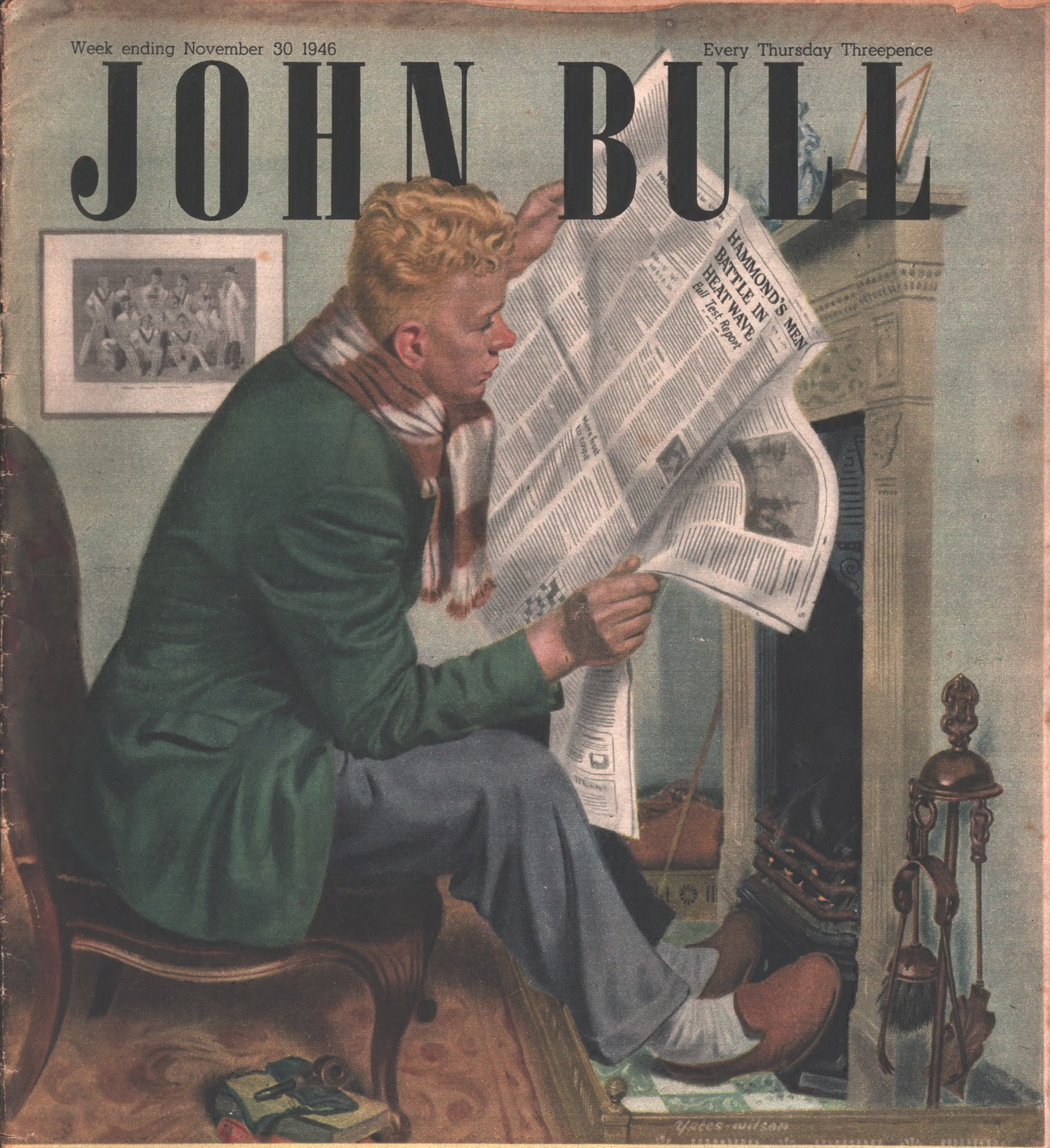
Week ending November 30 1946 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



WHAT WAR WITH RUSSIA WOULD MEAN by Captain Liddell Hart

Portrait of a Shareholder

Yes, this lady is one of the nine million British Co-operators who are equal shareholders in the world's largest trading organization. Each member has an equal right to elect committees of management in their local Co-operative Society and these Societies are, in their turn, the owners of the 200 factories and warehouses of the Co-operative Wholesale Society. By manufacturing their own goods; by bulk trading; by sharing surplus profits among the shareholders, the Co-operative Society provides a better article that is cheaper. Why not join us?

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Thus is expressed the friendly, *personal* bond existing between Bennett College and each student. It is this close individual tuition which leads to quick success.

We teach nearly all the Trades and Professions by Post, in all parts of the World. Distance makes no difference. The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the World.

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DEPT. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD

Look! I told you RONSONOL would put it right!

Ronsonol is the perfect lighter fuel; it puts new life into any type of lighter. You get instant flash, a strong, clear flame, no fumes, no clog, no odour. Next time you visit your tobacconist, buy a bottle of Ronsonol—you'll see a big difference in the way your lighter works.

Ronsonol 1/6½ bottle, Ronson Flints 6d. packet, Ronson Service Outfit 1/6

RONSON

PUT DOWN PESTROY

PUT DOWN PESTS

Rid your household of insects by sprinkling their runs with Pestroy powder. Containing DDT in correct proportion with other toxic ingredients, Pestroy is a most powerful insecticide for all domestic purposes, and can safely be used on dogs, cats and birds. Obtainable from chemists and corn merchants; in drums 9d. and 2/-. Made by Bob Martin Ltd.

PESTROY
THE HOUSEHOLD INSECT KILLER

More people than ever are saying *Player's Please*

MEDIUM OR MILD CIGARETTES · PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED
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Susan's vitality is *amazing*

She puts such energy into her play and never seems to get tired. She's always so fit and happy.

Any mother would be proud of Susan's radiant good health and energy. Ever since she was quite a tiny tot any little stomach upsets have soon been corrected with 'California Syrup of Figs'.

When children are 'out of sorts' this natural laxative will regulate the system and put them right again.

"California Syrup of Figs"

JUDGE or COURT USHER *could not buy better than a* LAUREL

3 HOLE OR SLOTTED

1½D each

The good-tempered Sheffield Blade made by GEO. H. LAWRENCE LTD. *of* SHEFFIELD

FROM A DOCTOR'S DIARY

"... When did V.D. start, Doctor?"

I'm often asked that question. Well, there is a reference to Gonorrhœa in the earliest written records—Moses made laws to try to prevent its spread. The Romans knew about it, and it has certainly been present in Britain for many hundreds of years.

As for Syphilis there is now very little doubt that this form of venereal disease was unknown in Europe until the end of the fifteenth century, although it was common in other parts of the world.

So it's a very old problem. But it's only in the last generation that we doctors have been able to say that we can diagnose venereal disease with certainty, and cure it if we get the case early enough. In recent years new and even more effective methods of treatment have been discovered, including penicillin. And during the war the public conscience was awakened to the need for an all-out attack on this social evil.

The doctors at the local authorities' clinics have the knowledge, skill and facilities to treat all forms of venereal disease. Thus they can prevent the spread of infection from their patients to others. But success in this campaign depends on all of us. Everyone must realise that V.D. in adults can best be avoided by clean living, and that those who have reason to fear they have been infected should lose no time in seeking the skilled advice and treatment that have been provided for them.

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. The addresses are given on local posters. Further information can be obtained *in confidence* from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and Central Council for Health Education (VD50-15)

Watch Children's Coughs

Don't let the children's cough develop into bronchial trouble later—give them Lobelline now, at the first sign of a cough. Lobelline is the famous purely-herbal remedy which quickly stops the worst cough and soothes and heals the inflamed lungs and throat. Lobelline is pleasant to take and children love it. Grown ups, too, like its soothing, speedy effectiveness. Keep a bottle always handy and stop that cough while it is only a cough.

From Timothy Whites, Taylors, Boots and all chemists, price 1/5 and 3/4½ per bottle, but supplies are limited.

Geo's **Lobelline**
For every kind of Cough

ATLAS LAMPS

for STAYING POWER

108

Thorn Electrical Industries Limited, Judd Street, London, W.C.1

RADIO RENTALS

Deliveries of our new 1947 models now arriving! Priority waiting list in operation at each of our 80 branches. Get your Priority Certificate at our nearest branch.★

★ See Telephone Directory for local address.

Unparalleled **SERVICE**

Maintenance and Service completely FREE!
All Valves replaced completely FREE!
A Small Rental Covers EVERYTHING!

Make sure you RENT as soon as conditions permit—

Opening rentals less than 3/6 per week —reducing after 6 months.

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The room that housewives are so particular about

Nowadays, five out of ten women choose a lavatory cleanser made specially for the purpose. (In America, this figure is even higher.) The reason is that it cleans and disinfects the whole pan. Harpic not only whitens the bowl (the part you can see) but also sweeps round the S-bend at the back, where no brush can reach. Harpic kills germs, leaves the whole pan clean and sanitary.

Sprinkle Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible. Then flush. The whole pan is then sweet and clean — the part you don't see, as well!

HARPIC

THE SPECIAL LAVATORY CLEANSER

Harpic Mfg. Co. Ltd., Hull and London

Even if it does not prevent *every* Cold, a regular T.C.P. gargle is likely to save you a great deal of inconvenience and misery this Winter.

Try MACKESON'S STOUT

You'll like it better!

Healthy hair again with Silvikrin

Have strain, sickness and lack of care damaged *your* hair? Is it now dull, 'dead', dandruffy? If your mirror says 'yes', don't wait—buy a bottle of Silvikrin today, and massage it into the roots. Silvikrin is the hair's natural *food*. If the roots are alive, it can grow you a fine new head of healthy hair.

GONE SOON
-dandruff
-deadness
-dryness
-dullness

Silvikrin
FOR HAIR HEALTH

L-140

Wearers of dentures

Put your dentures into a tumbler of warm water with a capful of STERADENT in it. Stir well. While you sleep STERADENT gets to work. This cleansing solution removes film and stains. STERADENT sterilizes your false teeth by its harmless, active energy. In the morning rinse thoroughly under a tap.

Steradent

for all dentures, including the new Acrylic Resins

STERADENT LTD, HULL & LONDON

Wellington Stores OFFER STRONGLY MADE FOLDING CHAIRS

FOLD FLAT WHEN NOT IN USE.

Ideal for SHOPS, CANTEENS, CLUBS, HALLS, etc.

20/- EACH. *Cash with order. including Packing & Carriage.*

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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Good looking TEETH!

A well-groomed appearance is, of course, a very definite asset. An otherwise good impression may, however, be completely marred by "off-colour" teeth. Regular use of Kolynos tooth paste keeps teeth as teeth should be — white, bright, sparkling, clean.

1/3 *and* 2/2 (*inc. tax*).

A RICH DARK FLAKE, FULL FLAVOURED, COOL AND LONG LASTING

MADE BY DOBIES OF PAISLEY

Victory V GUMS & LOZENGES

WILL KEEP YOU WARM!

N6a

BRITISH WINES WITH A NAME YOU KNOW "BEHIND" THEM

For over 50 years the name "WHITEWAY" on a label has been a guarantee of purity and quality. When purchasing Whiteway's Port-Style Wines and British Sherry you can be sure that, from the time the Grapes are gathered in the Vineyards of the "Sunny South" until the Wine has reached the final stage of blending and maturing at our Winery in "Glorious Devon," the greatest care has been taken in every process of production.

The 'Whiteway' Brand British Wines are sold under the Certificate of the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene.

CWS-87

JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN
LONDON W.C.1

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468
Telegrams: Heroically, Westcent, London

NOVEMBER 30 1946

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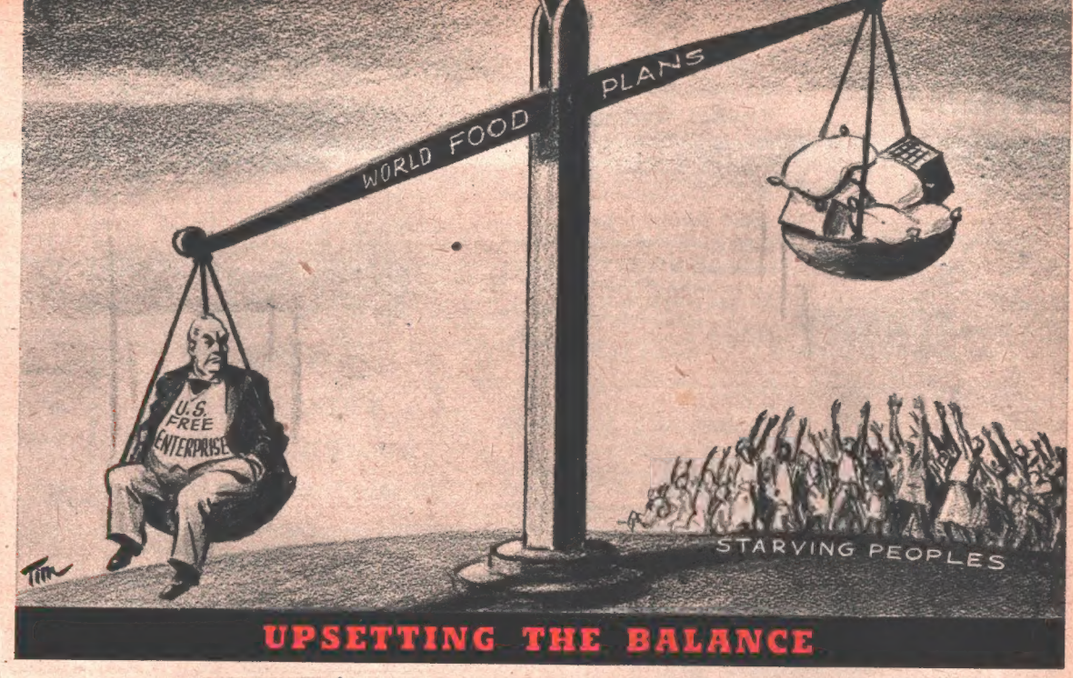

UPSETTING THE BALANCE

Food: the Real Danger

THE FOOD SITUATION continues to confuse and bewilder the public. Wild and unconfirmed stories of a vast surplus of grain in America have recently been accompanied by further warnings of conditions bordering on starvation in many parts of Europe and India.

The ordinary man, reading these conflicting reports and noting, at the same time, Food Minister John Strachey's plain words that the world situation "remains one of the utmost gravity," cannot be blamed for wondering what it all means.

Why the discrepancy between recent American statements and our own?

Here is the key to the whole terrible problem: It is not only *immediate* food supplies which are in danger.

It is the whole principle, laboriously established by Sir John Boyd Orr in his plans for the World Food Board under the United Nations Organization, of regulating and controlling food supplies and stabilizing prices on a world basis—putting the interests of the starving peoples of the world above those of any group of speculators, however powerful.

This principle has already, in effect, been abandoned by the United States Government. The whole plan as originally conceived has suffered a serious, perhaps a fatal blow. But unless we are to abandon all hope, it must not be dropped.

With or without the United States; with or without Russia (if she, too, refuses to co-operate); we must press on for the best form of international food control that can be devised. It is still not too late for Britain, the Dominions and the other nations of the world which believe in the principles of fair distribution of their combined food resources to save something from the wreckage. And it must be done.

Saving and Salvage

SAVINGS AND SALVAGE, those two campaigns which helped to win the war, are now both hanging fire.

John Belcher, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, complains that Britain has to buy waste paper abroad, whereas we could easily save our own if we tried.

True enough, Mr. Belcher, but it is no use reproaching the ordinary people of Britain, who have memories of inefficient and discouraging local arrangements to collect salvage even during the days when we were trying to build the bombers and equip the armies.

Many a patriotic householder then parcelled up his waste, only to see it either left to rot or ruthlessly "unsorted" again by the dustman.

Today, paper can be salvaged on a large scale only if all local authorities are pressed by the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Supply to set up a keen, efficient machine of collection.

As for the National Savings Campaign, there is no such simple way to make it succeed, for as the shops fill, so the long-suppressed desire to spend money grows.

Sir Harold Mackintosh, the new savings chief, cannot expect, therefore, to gather in the hundreds of millions secured by his predecessor, Lord Kindersley. But he must not, on that account, slacken his efforts. Every pound saved helps to counter inflation and to balance the nation's finances. If that is fully understood by everyone, the impulse to continue saving will be immeasurably strengthened.

Children First

WHEN THE SOCIAL HISTORY of our time comes to be written, posterity will surely give us at least one bouquet among all the brickbats. We *have* done a lot for the children.

We had a sense, even amid the desperate emotions of war-time, that whatever happened to the grown-ups mattered comparatively little as long as the children could be guaranteed a safer and saner world.

The first practical outcome of that feeling was family allowances, introduced by the present Government but planned before it came into power.

This autumn came the great storm of public indignation over the Curtis Report on evil conditions in children's homes. It was a shock to most British men and women to realize that, in this country of ours in 1946, children could still be treated so badly and so callously.

Another development, important because of the great increase in divorces, is the demand, voiced by the Married Women's Association, that more trouble should be taken by the courts to safeguard the children of wrecked marriages.

These legislative and popular moves show the new spirit of eager care for children, who have also, in the mass, benefited from rationing, higher wages and an extension of skilled supervision outside their homes.

Another vital step remains to be taken—that of pressing on with educational reform. The new Act provides a good working basis. How quickly it is implemented will depend on the energy and determination of Ellen Wilkinson, the Minister of Education, and the staff of her department. They must drive on with training schemes for teachers, press their claims for new school buildings and amenities.

The post-war difficulties are immense, but they exist to be overcome.

Hooks on the Ceiling!

THIS AUTUMN'S HORRIFYING succession of airliner crashes is having a disastrous effect on public confidence in flying as a means of travel.

Never conspicuously airminded, the average Briton is more than ever confirmed in his determination to stay on the ground and not to fly "until they have hooks on the ceiling."

And he is becoming increasingly cynical about news of speed record bids with jet planes.

Would it not be better, runs a very sensible popular argument, to lay off the bid for super speed until the quest for safety has been successful?

Is it not plain good business for the aviation industry to concentrate on making its aircraft, its aerodromes, and all the apparatus such as beams, radar, anti-fog and anti-ice devices and so forth, as perfect as possible—instead of bothering about getting the nose of a British plane a few miles ahead of the nose of an American plane?

In short, let us "get those hooks on the ceiling!"

the cover

When Yates Wilson visited a friend the other day, he found him warming his toes by the fire and reading about England's prospects in the Test Match to be played under the heat of the Australian sun. The contradiction struck Wilson as rather amusing, and gave him the idea for this week's front cover.

Yates Wilson is a Birmingham man who tried several trades before becoming an artist. He left school at fourteen and worked as a greengrocer's roundsman, a cinema operator and in three factories. He borrowed ten pounds to come to London, where he earned enough to pay for his training at the Central School of Art.

STOLEN HAPPINESS

It is really bedtime. You lie back in your chair, listening to the flutter of flames in the hearth, the slow tick of the clock. How precious such stolen minutes are! As you sip your Horlicks, tension and strain slip from you. Tonight you will sleep. And tomorrow you will wake refreshed.

We regret that Horlicks is still not plentiful.

HORLICKS

Try 'PRIORY' - it's very good TEA

PRIORY TEA & COFFEE CO. LTD
LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM

Washing up's my worry

What you need for washing up, says Mr. Therm, is one of my neat little gas sink water heaters, now, thank goodness, beginning to make a welcome re-appearance. No work and no waiting for hot water. Piping hot, and plenty of it. Cheap to run, and automatic in action.

Your local Gas Showrooms will advise you.

constant HOT water?
certainly — BY GAS

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Taste in industry

THE Captain of Industry who winds up his breakfast with Rose's Lime Marmalade has made a wise investment. He is kind to his staff—his staff are happy—work flows smoothly on. It all shows up in the Balance Sheet.

Rose's has a highly individual tang, yet it costs no more than any other fine marmalade. You get it on your jam ration.

Rose's LIME MARMALADE

THE DIFFERENCE IS DELIGHTFUL

Pure fresh cows' milk from which part of the natural water has been removed by evaporation, therefore *add* water to make rich creamy milk.

Remember to ask for CARNATION MILK

FOR ALL MILK USES

Mrs. P. DEE says QUALITY AND GOOD TASTE HAVE MADE PEARCE DUFF'S Custard & Jellies FAMOUS

ESTABLISHED A HUNDRED YEARS

CUSTARD POWDER - JELLIES - BAKING POWDER - BLANCMANGE POWDER
PEARCE DUFF & CO. LTD., SPA ROAD, LONDON, S.E.16.

LEMON HART RUM

The Golden Spirit

With Lemon, Orange or Lime A Winner every time!

FRIEND OF MILLIONS

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REG.

Millions of people all over the world have come to appreciate the unvarying quality of this delicious sparkling drink. In Britain the wartime restrictions controlling individual brands kept 'Coca-Cola' from the civilian market, but as soon as these restrictions go there will be plenty of 'Coca-Cola' to refresh and delight you.

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

The registered trade marks "Coca-Cola" and "Coke" distinguish the product of The Coca-Cola Company Ltd.

The Coca-Cola Company Ltd., Southfield Road, London. W.4
CVS-11

The first taste of things to come

NEWFORGE VEGETABLE SOUPS

6½d and 8½d per tin

All Newforge Vegetable Soups are tasty and nourishing and made from choice selected vegetables, cooked to a 'T' in a delicious appetising 'stock'. Once you try them you'll always want them. Also look out for Newforge Ulster Broth and Newforge Canned Meats. Ask your grocer. He *may* have some.

NEWFORGE Fine Foods
NEWFORGE LTD · BELFAST · ULSTER

Walters'

"Palm" TOFFEE

THE FAMILY FAVOURITE

Mackintosh's "Quality Street" completes the Christmas picture!

A delicious assortment of Toffees and Chocolates . . .

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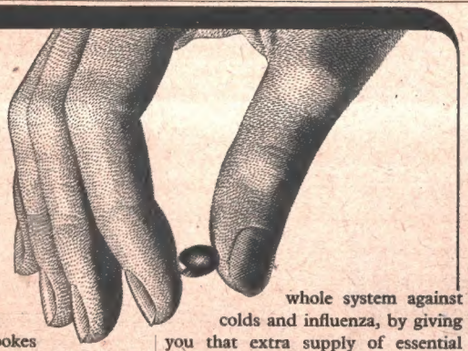
EXTRA VITAMINS FOR WINTER STRENGTH



How welcome to your body will be a course of Crookes Halibut Oil! This will fortify your whole system against colds and influenza, by giving you that extra supply of essential vitamins A and D.

CROOKES HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

Capsules, per bottle of 25, 2/6; 100, 8/6. Liquid, per phial, enough for 16 days 2/-

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INDUSTRIAL WORK WAS HARD ON HANDS

Hands soft and lovely are yours again for the asking when you use Glymiel Jelly. Simply smooth in a little Glymiel Jelly every night and whenever your hands have been in water. Almost at once, Glymiel Jelly banishes roughness, begins to beautify.

your hands can now regain their former loveliness

WITH

GLYMIEL JELLY

Available in Tubes or Jars

REMEMBER ALSO

Glymiel Healing Ointment Tablet, handy for the handbag, 6½d (inc. P. Tax)

Glymiel Medicated Jelly, non-greasy, healing and soothing, 10d (inc. P. Tax)

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He would choose that day to call!

"I was in an awful mess—but still, I didn't worry really, because I knew that my complexion was all right." There's never any need to worry if you use Icilma Foundation Cream and Face Powder. Complexions stay smooth and matt always, giving you confidence that any unexpected situation will find you looking your beautiful best.

Icilma FOUNDATION CREAM IN JARS 2/2, 10½d

Also Face Powder and Cleansing Cold Cream, both at 2/2 and 10½d

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This year, more than ever, you'll be glad you chose **H. SAMUEL GIFTS!**

At your nearest H. Samuel branch you'll see the finest display of gifts in town—exquisite rings, fine watches, lovely jewellery, fancy leather goods and a host of really attractive presents of lasting value.

Illustrated is one of several high-grade H. Samuel wrist watches, all tested and fully guaranteed for accuracy. *Choose your gifts early, in comfort. Call at your nearest branch to-day.*

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OVER 100 BRANCHES

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- Cream enamelled
- Chromium plated
- Open ended rubber rollers
- Ball bearings provide effortless operation
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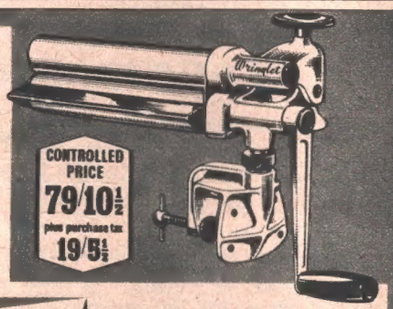

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PARNALL (YATE) LIMITED · BRISTOL

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ALSO FOR

COOKERS, TILES, PAINT, POTS & PANS ETC.

1/- & 2/-

CONTAINS *Glycerine* TO KEEP HANDS SOFT

GUMPTION PRODUCTS LTD., MELLIER HOUSE, ALBEMARLE ST., LONDON, W.1.

Not enough to go round

The old, old cry
"In short supply"
Is now employed
For Croid!

It's hard on us,
But pardon us;
The authorities
Have priorities.

Croid

THE WORLD'S STRONGEST GLUE

Tubes and tins are still being distributed. Please keep trying—you know where you are with Croid.

CROID LTD., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

How to cut down your QUEUEING

Don't wear yourself out "shopping around" for extras to help out the meat ration. Instead, serve plenty of vegetables, made tempting with Symington's savoury Vite-Gravy. Try this new "Vite-Gravy and Vegetables" plan, which saves you needless queueing and gives you more "time-off".

Dish up with SYMINGTON'S

VITE-GRAVY

and make the most of your meals

7½d. & 2½d. A PACKET

YOURS AT AGE 60

£255 A YEAR OR £3000 IN CASH

For women the income would be slightly smaller.

You can make sure of having a choice like this at age 60 (plus guaranteed bonuses) by taking out a Pearl Pension Assurance Policy now.

In the event of your earlier death a sum of £3,000 plus accrued guaranteed bonuses would be available at once for your dependants.

Premium payments rank for income tax abatement.

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ENQUIRY FORM

Id. Stamp only if envelope unsealed

JB.79 (30-11-46)

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Date of Birth..... *Delete age not applicable.

Name..... (Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

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Blondes! STAY BLONDE WITH STA-BLOND

BRINGS BACK to darkened blonde hair the rich, golden beauty of childhood.

PREVENTS light hair from darkening with age.

Contains no dyes or injurious bleaches

THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

MELTICIPATING the return of

Meltis New Berry Fruits

Remember the wonderful Gooseberry flavour?

N.B. To 'Melticipate' is to anticipate sweetly!

MELTIS LTD., LONDON & BEDFORD

JOHN BULL ANSWERS THE WARMONGERS

ARE WE IN DANGER of talking ourselves into war?

The continual wrangles with Russia are generating a dangerous mood of exasperation.

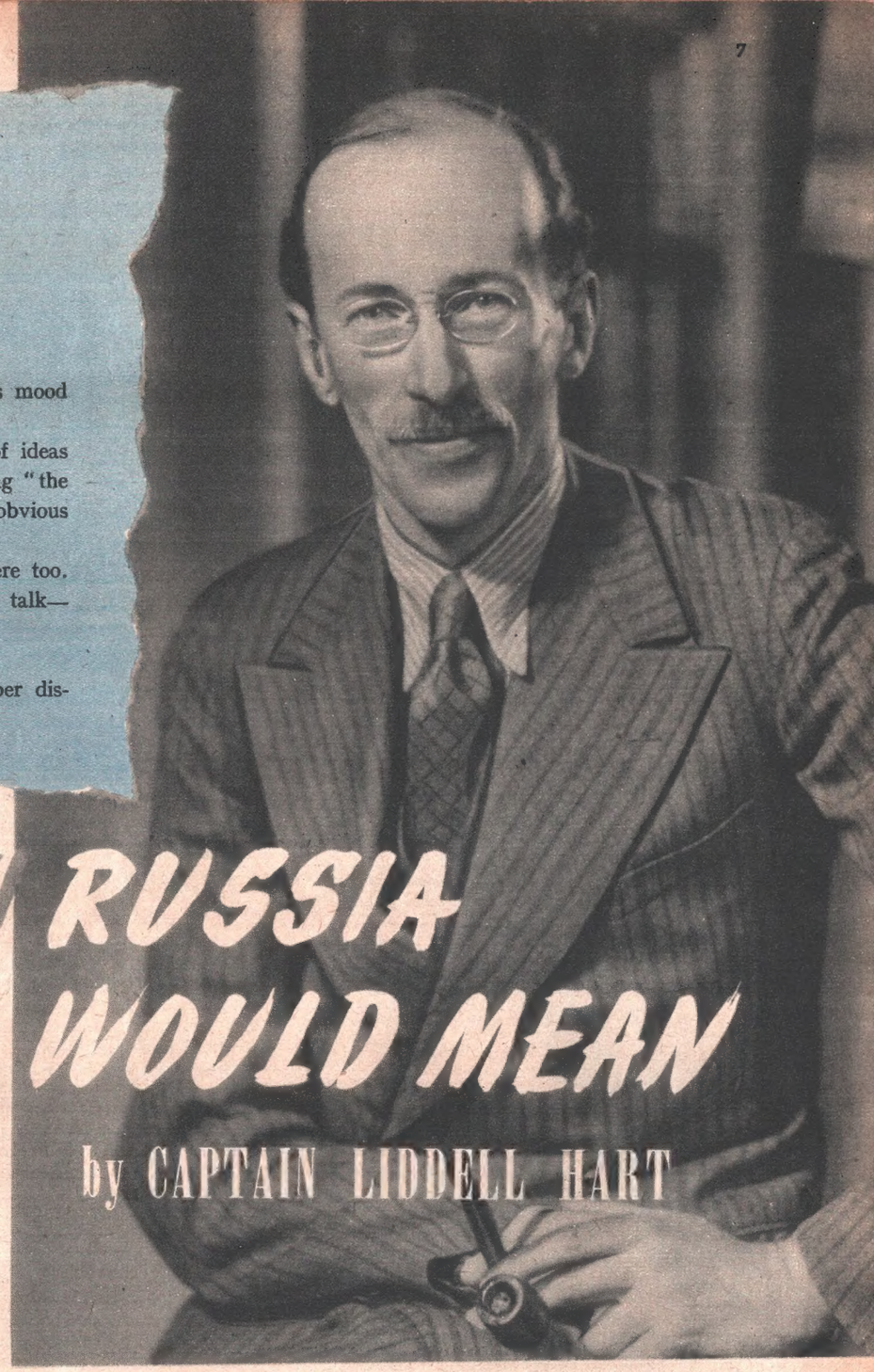
TOO MANY PEOPLE are tending to assume that a conflict of ideas must eventually end in a conflict of arms and are already discussing "the third World War" with a complete lack of responsibility, and an obvious failure to understand what it would mean.

WARMONGERING is rampant in America and is spreading here too.

NO GOOD CAN BE SERVED by closing our ears to this war talk—any more than by pretending the danger does not exist.

FAR BETTER to bring the war-talkers down to brass tacks.

THIS IS JOHN BULL'S PURPOSE in presenting here a sober discussion, specially written by a famous British authority, of—



WHAT WAR WITH RUSSIA WOULD MEAN

by CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART

BASIL HENRY LIDDELL HART is, at 51, Britain's leading writer on military science. He learned it the hard way when he was wounded in the 1914-18 conflict. Has since vigorously advocated modernization of infantry drill and mechanized warfare. His most famous book: "Dynamic Defence" (1940). Military experts still argue about it

THE MORE CAREFULLY ONE WEIGHS all the factors, the more probable it appears that there could be no victory in a war between the Western Powers and the Soviet Union, but only a common loss—with the ordinary people on either side suffering most, as usual. The main difference from the war just ended is that the mutual sacrifice would probably be even greater. It might also be more prolonged.

In the event of a conflict of this kind—tragic even to contemplate—the first phase might see a startling surge forward of the Russians into Western Europe, the Middle East and China. (The reasons for this surmise are explained later.) But it would not decide the issue—any more than the German surge of 1940.

There would probably be a long interval before America could develop her resources sufficiently to turn the tide.

The pursuit of final victory in Russia might prove longer still. Indeed, there is ample reason to doubt whether it would ever be attained.

The only certainty is that most of Europe as well as Russia would be devastated in the process—more ruthlessly than in the second World War—bringing misery to myriads of people on either side.

America would Suffer

While America would escape such widespread devastation, it is quite possible that before the end her great cities might suffer even worse than those in the fighting zone.

When venturing this forecast I can hear readers exclaiming: "How can there be another protracted war in the atomic era? No nation could for long withstand bombardment of the kind that was seen at Hiroshima."

There is a popular idea that a new war would be quickly ended by the atomic bomb. That is a doubtful assumption.

After the first World War, a similar belief prevailed about the rapid decisiveness of an ordinary bombing onslaught. It proved a bubble-belief. Even when the bombing fleets and bomb-loads had been multiplied to a scale far beyond pre-war imagination, the effect continued to fall short of anticipation, and the war went on. In the long-drawn process the enemy's cities were gradually ground into dust, but the resistance of the people was slow to crumble.

The atomic bomb promises to speed up the pace of destruction, and make it more horrifying, but that does not assure a swift ending of the struggle. There are counter-balancing factors.

A number of cities might be quickly demolished, but their fate would not necessarily spell a people's surrender. Some nations are less dependent on their cities than others, and all have learnt a lot about dispersing and "earthing" their vital resources in such ways as to maintain the power of resistance.

It has been shown, too, that human beings have an indefinite capacity of adjusting themselves to the gradual degradation of their living conditions. The lower a people's standard of living the less adjustment is required, and the easier it can maintain its endurance.

Here lies the Russians' greatest asset in any conflict with the Western nations.

Account must also be taken of the prospect that America's monopoly of the atomic bomb may not continue much longer. Once both sides possess such a devastating weapon there may well be a growing, and mutual, hesitation to unloose it—as happened with poison gas in the recent war.

Theory and Practice

A Western advantage in the quantity of such bombs would be offset by the drawback of greater vulnerability that attaches to the more highly industrialized countries, where the population is more densely concentrated in city areas.

Even as it is, events have shown the limitations of this tremendous new power. In theory, America should be able to decide every international argument as she wishes. In practice, she has not

been able to get her own way—because those who oppose her policy shrewdly realize that she could only use the atomic bomb as a last resort.

The limitless destructiveness of the weapon forms its own practical limitation.

Its use cannot be adjusted to circumstances—as can that of a body of troops. For that reason, troops are a more effective lever in a boundary argument. With the atomic bomb, it is a case of all-out destruction or nothing.

Opposing countries can thus feel reasonably safe in defiance over any political issue that is not a life-or-death matter to the atom-owner. They may be able to go a long way in pursuing their own aims, even aggressive aims, without deferring to his protests.

Even if open war developed, a nation that is superior in ground forces might still find ways of offsetting the apparently decisive power of the atom bomb.

The deeper its armies penetrate into foreign territory the safer its own position may become, for a time at any rate.

The nations on the other side would not be able to employ the atom bomb in driving out the invaders, for that would involve the utter destruction of the cities they were seeking to liberate. Their power to loosen the invader's grip indirectly, by striking at his own cities, would also be diminished by their increased air distance from such targets.

Moreover, the invader might find shelter for many of his essential government services and industries by moving these forward into the captured territory. He could make room for them by shifting part of the captive population back into his own cities—which would be a considerable deterrent to atom bomb attacks there.

For example, if the Russians were to overrun Denmark, Holland and Belgium, they could start moving a proportion of the people of Copenhagen, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Antwerp and Brussels back to Moscow and Leningrad. In such circumstances, the Western Powers might hesitate to attempt the obliteration of these Russian cities.

Hesitation is most likely at the outset of a war, when democratic governments tend to be less callous than they become as it continues.

The use of mass hostages may prove to be a human counter to unselective weapons—weapons of wholesale massacre—like the atom bomb.

All these reflections point to the conclusion that the atom bomb and the long-range rocket have not nullified the value of armies—especially the forces that are ready for action without a long process of mobilization.

It will not be easy to wrest the advantage from the country whose army can start with a jump deep into other people's territory. It can be done, but it will be a long business.

Here we are brought face to face with the facts of the present situation. Russia is the strongest military power in Europe, and the only one capable of starting with a jump.

Soviet striking forces are highly mechanized. A potent factor in attack—even in the atom era

If War Came Tomorrow—

The attainment of our war-aim of disarming Germany automatically ensured Russia's predominance. (Churchill's recent note of alarm on this score casts an ironical reflection on his fervent faith earlier in the value of enforcing Germany's unconditional surrender.)

Since the bulk of the American forces have gone home there is no possibility of maintaining a balance of power in the immediate sense. The only real counterbalance lies in a reckoning of the ultimate prospect in a war to the bitter end.

If war came tomorrow, how would the forces compare in a line-up?

Churchill has recently suggested that there are "more than 200 Soviet divisions on a war footing in the occupied territories of Europe." Stalin has retorted that there are only sixty divisions, "most of them not fully staffed."

American estimates have been set forth in numbers of men. They reckon the Russian armies of occupation in Europe as some 1,600,000, compared with 470,000 British, 330,000 American, and 70,000 French troops.

This puts the Russian figure less high than Churchill did, for he reckoned the Russian divisions as comprising 10,000 men apiece, which represents a total of 2,000,000 men in divisions alone, without counting non-divisional troops—who may add fifty per cent or more to the total. And this would not include air force personnel.

Churchill's reckoning would seem to be unduly high.

Is there any way of reconciling such widely different figures? Counting heads is a simple way of representing military strength, but has lost much of its meaning in these days when weapon-power and organization weigh much more heavily than gross man-power.

But even the military method of reckoning in numbers of divisions is not such a true index as formerly, since the size and equipment of divisions now varies so much in every army, and still more between the different national armies.

In the recent war, armoured troops formed only a small fraction of an army, but they counted far more than the rest—and most of all in Russia.

In the Soviet Army, however, they were not organized in divisions, but merely in brigades which were operationally grouped in corps. These were not so large as the term "corps" conveys, for the Russians preferred more handy-sized formations, and their corps comprised only about the same number of tanks as our armoured division.

Their infantry was organized in divisions, but these divisions were much smaller and more lightly equipped than those of the Western armies—three of them being roughly equivalent to one American infantry division. It is possible that the Russians have since reverted to larger-scale formations.

If Churchill and Stalin were reckoning in equivalent terms, there would not be so much difference between their figures as appears at first sight.

Moreover, the term "war footing" may be misleading. It is probable that, as in the British and American armies of occupation, many of the divisions have been so dispersed in policing duties or so depleted by demobilization that they are not "operational" in the true sense.

But such a reduction of the nominal figure of strength does not imply a proportionate diminution of effective strength—nor of the danger it presents.

Sixty divisions of an elite type, fully mechanized, would represent nearly as great a real striking force as Russia developed at the height of her war effort. The mass of her divisions were only equipped to play a walking-on role behind the mechanized spearheads.

The more divisions that have been disbanded, the more equipment became available to bring up the remaining divisions to a higher level of weapon-power and mobility.

By contrast, all the American and British divisions had such a lavish scale of equipment in the last stage of the war that those remaining could absorb little more on their present organization. At the same time, being fewer in number, a smaller proportion are left available for operations after the routine demands of occupation duty have been met.

While the rate of demobilization may have been as high in the Soviet Army as in the British or American, the process has left the former stronger, relatively to the others, than it was when the war ended.

If a clash were to come, it is likely that the number of "operational" divisions on the Russian side would far exceed the few left available in the British and American zones.

That is a weighty factor.

It has to be borne in mind, too, that at the end of the war the Russian forces enjoyed a technical superiority in some important types of equipment that might count a lot in the first clash. Their tanks were the best in the world, according to the German tank experts—who were well placed to judge.

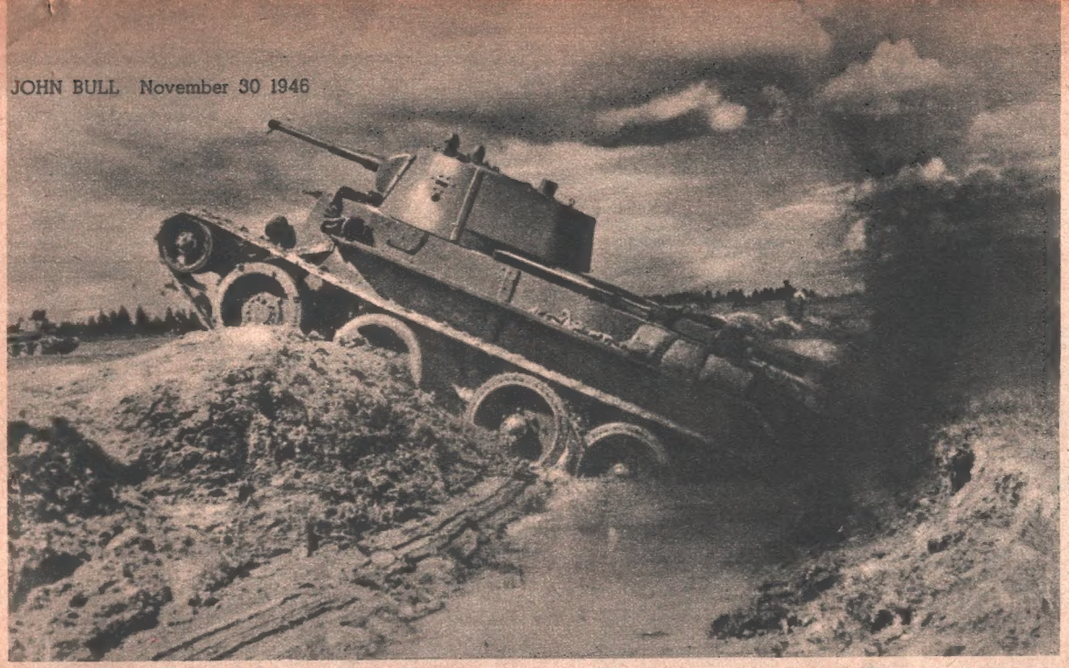
Rivers no Barrier

All this points to the possibility of a Russian wave of advance swamping the Anglo-American zones of occupation, and then pouring deep into the countries beyond. The Rhine might be no adequate barrier to forces that rapidly overcame so many great river-lines in Eastern Europe. River-lines require holding in strength to be secure, and this is lacking.

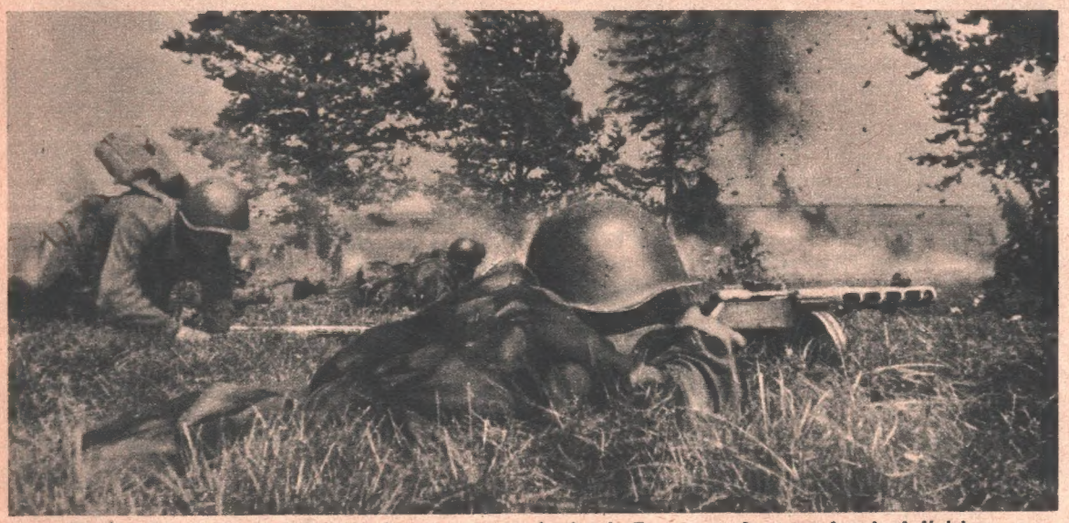
Whether a Russian wave could sweep as far as the German wave did in 1940 is problematical. On a military calculation it is very doubtful.

Sustained momentum depends on supply organization. The Russians' organization is not so highly developed as was the Germans'—and they would be starting from a line much farther east.

On the other hand, their path might be smoothed by political factors. They might be helped by the co-operation of much larger sections of the people



Germans consider Soviet tanks are the best in the world — they were in a good position to judge



Churchill has estimated Russian forces on a war footing in Europe at about two hundred divisions

in the Western and Mediterranean countries than the Germans were. Communism has an international appeal such as Nazism never enjoyed, nor knew how to create.

Thus there is the possibility that Britain might find herself once again in the grim situation of 1940, and with an even greater extent of the Continental coastline under hostile control—this time extending beyond France into Spain and Portugal.

Such a line of advance, however, is not the only one on the board. Greece is an obvious possibility, and its vulnerability was demonstrated in 1941.

The mountain-obstacle which is its cover in the north could only be made a secure barrier if it were occupied by forces much larger than we are capable of providing.

The Middle East forms another avenue, with wider prospects. It is true that the mountainous approaches from Azerbaijan, through western Persia, form a natural cover to this zone against invasion from the north, but the cementing of it would call for much larger defending forces than are available.

A Russian advance would be handicapped by the long stretch of difficult country; but it might profit by the political instability of the region and its consequent susceptibility to preparatory infiltration.

We should be unwise to discount the possibility of the Russians arriving on the Persian Gulf.

The Soviet Union has sufficient forces under arms to develop more than one of these lines of advance at the same time.

That is a point which should not be overlooked. Even if the clash itself arose in the Far East, out of the incipient conflict of Russian and American interests there, the development of a state of war might prompt the Russians to throw their surplus weight in any of these directions, if Britain made common cause with America.

The Soviet Army in the Far East is virtually separate, and the immense length of its communications with European Russia limits the extent to which it can be reinforced, so there would be a very large surplus.

It may be thought that, although our forces in Greece and the Middle East are relatively small, the balance might be adjusted by the intervention of the Turkish Army.

This obviously forms a *potential* flanking check to a Russian thrust in either of these directions. But whatever its capacity to defend its own territory in Asia Minor, Turkey can hardly be reckoned as capable of a riposte offensive, beyond its own borders, in its present stage of equipment.

In Western Europe, too, the counterbalance will not be adequate so long as it depends mainly on the dwindling British and American armies of occupation. It will turn on the rebuilding and re-equipment of the armies of France *and* her neighbours, together with the economic restoration and political stability of these countries.

For the present, the principal check on a Russian irruption lies in the Russian people's desire for a chance of peaceful recovery after the terrific war-strain they have undergone — and their Government's realization that the immediate chances of military success would be outweighed by the adverse long-term prospects—once America's immense technical resources were again mobilized.

A dramatic opening success is no compensation for the ruinous effects of a long war, more devastating than the last. The Soviet Government often seems ill-informed and defective in judgment about current matters, but it has usually shown a shrewd grasp of fundamental factors.

More danger may lie in the Western nations' tendency to superficial thinking, governed by emotion, and in a failure to realize what war with Russia would mean.

When the emotions of the Western nations are stirred up they are apt to lose sight of the cost, and human consequences, of their impulsive decisions.

That was shown in the Polish guarantee—which now looks such a tragic fiasco; in the "unconditional surrender" demand—which merely prolonged Germany's resistance, producing the boomerang effects that now make "victory" look such a farce; in the unlimited bombing policy that uselessly destroyed the economic foundations of peace, to our own present cost.

Damage to Civilization

There is a school of thought—more common in triumphant America than in war-weary Britain—which, regarding war with Russia as bound to come, is inclined to force the issue.

It talks of the importance of being ready "to strike first," regardless of the basic fact that America's comparative remoteness entails delay in exerting her weight, and of the risk that war might be needlessly precipitated in the attempt.

It ignores the likelihood of initial Russian successes, the long road of recovery in consequence, and the irreparable damage that civilization would suffer in the process.

It underrates the difficulties of gaining so-called "victory" over Russia even when the balance of strength has turned.

Both Napoleon and Hitler imagined that the conquest of Russia would be a simple matter. Other "fire-eaters" might learn from their mistakes.

Hitler reckoned that he could succeed where Napoleon had failed by relying on the greatly increased effect of modern weapons. His calculation was justified to the extent that he went farther than Napoleon, and produced a longer struggle.

But he failed as badly in the end, and merely brought more misery all round in the effort.

Those who speak lightly of conquering Russia ought to acquaint themselves with the experience of the German generals, and learn what the attempt meant to the German soldiers who were the living stake of Hitler's gamble.

American equipment might be more capable of meeting the problem of Russia's vast spaces, but American troops, however determined, would hardly be as well fitted to bear the extreme rigours of such a struggle.

While "appeasement" never pays, the mutual friction of two "tough" policies generates a shower of sparks, and any of these are liable to detonate an explosion. The risks are increased by the way in which a course of appeasement on our side changed to the present tough policy.

It is all too easy to precipitate war in a mood of exasperation. Danger lies in producing a situation where the other side cannot draw back without "losing face."

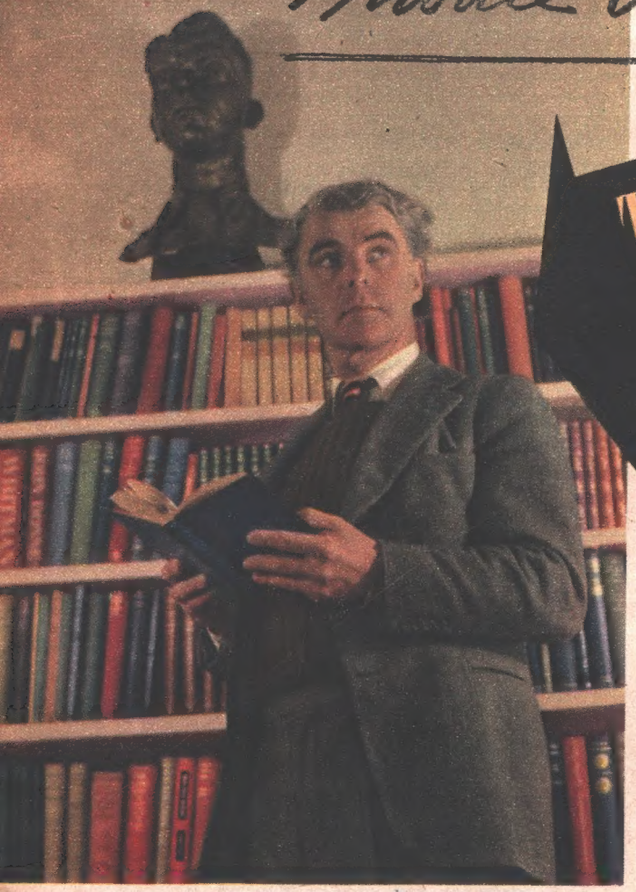
The atmosphere today is too tense to be safe. We can help the chances of easing it by keeping our head, and our temper.

The Russians have an unfortunate knack of stirring up opposition, and offending their friends.

But a realization of their sacrifices and suffering, together with the effects of their prolonged isolation, brings more understanding of their one-sided view of "security," and should lead us to curb our irritation at their suspicious and aggressive attitude.

Despite such appearances, we should not discount the underlying desire for peace among a people who have suffered so much from war.

Private View of Emlyn Williams



THE THEME IS SUCCESS

WHO ARE THE ACTOR DRAMATISTS today? Immediately you say Emlyn Williams; then stop to think and go on thinking. There aren't many others—barely half a dozen who have written and acted in the English language in this century.

The West End first became aware of Emlyn Williams in 1930 with the success of his play, *A Murder Has Been Arranged.* It was brilliant and original. Critics of the stage, bored with the dramatic sterility of the nineteen twenties, were excited. "Watch this man!" they said.

He was then twenty-five; a bizarre figure in clothes that never seemed quite right, with dark hair, blue eyes, a young, enthusiastic face and a success story like something out of fiction.

Born at Pen-y-ffordd, a village in Flintshire, the son of a Welsh sailor turned publican, Williams had spoken no English up to the age of eight.

He educated himself with scholarships; first at the County School, Holywell, then for a summer at St. Julien, near Geneva. From there he went with his five languages—French, German, Spanish, Italian and English—and grants totalling £320 a year, to continue at Christ Church, Oxford.

He was at Oxford from 1923 to 1927. At first, he was a curiosity—effervescent, virile, energetic, really too naive to be true. His English was as unintelligible to his colleagues as theirs was to him, and for the first month he seemed capable of anything; once, finding he had no soap, he knocked on the Dean's door and asked if he might borrow that startled dignitary's.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society drew him, of course. He volunteered for any part in every performance, just to be on the stage. His waking hours were spent thinking about the stage, and at night he dreamt of it. In the theatre he was alive. Greasepaint and props were real; they were the devices of make-believe by which he could live a thousand lives.

Inevitably Emlyn Williams wrote a play. It was a small piece called *Vigil.* The O.U.D.S. did it.

He had rooms above those that were once occupied by Lewis Carroll and he was too busy even for romance. They were four wonderful years and they passed too quickly.

Richard Williams insisted his son should become a teacher, and Emlyn did make an attempt by imparting Italian to Miss Megan Lloyd George, but after a few months he gave up teaching and came to London with £5.

He found a part in J. B. Fagan's *And So To Bed,* and went eventually with the company to America. But a year later he was penniless. He wrote *Glamour.* The royalties scarcely paid his rent, and Emlyn Williams all but reverted to teaching. Then came *A Murder Has Been Arranged.* He hasn't looked back.

For him Edgar Wallace wrote a part in *The Case of the Frightened Lady,* and two of Williams's own plays have been filmed. At forty he is a rich man.

His parents died during the war. Richard and Mary Williams always called their son George and were more reconciled to his fame as a dramatist than approving of it. There were two other sons, both now working in Flintshire, one in a metal works and the other in a silk works.

IN 1934, Emlyn Williams met Molly O'Shann, an Irish girl, pretty in the dark, petite, French way. He took her off the musical comedy stage and married her secretly in a London registry office. They have two sons aged eleven and nine.

At weekends Emlyn Williams heads for his country home near Didcot in his Daimler, with Molly invariably at the wheel because he can't drive. Weekenders (with rations) converge on Didcot to relax in tweeds and open-necked shirts. Close friends are such celebrated theatrical figures as Gielgud, Rattigan, and Rodney Ackland.

In London the Williamses live at elegant Pelham Crescent, designed by Nash. Neighbours include Oliver Messel and Cecil Beaton.

Credit for their home goes entirely to Molly; Emlyn's contribution to its interior decoration was to scribble his life story in marking ink on their white radiogram, and to disagree with her on the aesthetic values of a Sickert crayon. In the dining-room is a bust of Emlyn done by Epstein.

Loveliest room is the gaily-tinted lounge. There are pictures by Messel, Toulouse-Lautrec and Paul Nash—and, somewhere on the sofa, a portable Underwood with a script.

This is where Emlyn works—straight on to the Underwood, using two fingers. He hardly uses notes and never long-hand.

He writes very quickly, but rigidly controls the birth of his plays. He has no inclination to write a novel, short story, poem or essay. He works solely for the theatre and is never really happy unless so engaged.

Having turned out a typescript and "slept on it," altered it, spoken the dialogue and acted the stage directions to make certain they are practicable, he sends the mass along to a typing agency.

Acting has never wearied Emlyn. He accepts long runs as a discipline and an excuse for keeping theatrically trim. Unaccountably he is allergic to making speeches. From the stage the audience is in the dark and appears as one amorphous mass, breathing as one, laughing and clapping together. But at a dinner table the other diners are individuals who expect, because he is a playwright, a fountain of spontaneous wit.

That is when Emlyn dries up—when he can't, for the life of him, imagine how to begin. His one effort as a member of the B.B.C. Brains Trust was agony. It was during a run of one of his plays and C. E. M. Joad didn't help at the Cafe Royal pre-broadcast luncheon by remarking there wasn't anything worth seeing in the West End.

As an artist he is fundamentally human. He has his moods and sulks sometimes, but he is easy to live with, tolerant, impulsively generous, and hard to annoy. Early training has made him careful with money. In London he travels by bus; a rail journey is usually made in a third-class carriage.

Unlike most theatre people, Emlyn is not superstitious—a cracked mirror has stood on his dressing-table at the Lyric Theatre for weeks—but he runs a mile from the revival of one of his plays.

This is more a phobia than an aversion. It is a major terror. To see a revival would take him back, not forward, and Emlyn is always in a hurry to go forward.

Today he is still, in many respects, the gauche creature who went to Oxford twenty-three years ago. Success has not changed him, nor has sophistication cloyed his appetite. He has never smoked, he scarcely drinks and he eats only plain foods, particularly poached eggs from his fowl-run in the country. He devours sweets.

His prime interest is in crime; he went to the Old Bailey for the first two days of the Heath trial.

At the moment Emlyn is nibbling at the film script of *The Wind of Heaven,* while Molly is in America selling it to Hollywood, but there are other ways he has as well of whiling away the afternoon.

He goes to the pictures, loving American thrillers; he plays tennis twice a week.

One hour before he is due to walk on towards the end of the first act of *The Winslow Boy,* Emlyn walks from his home to South Kensington Station. On a number fourteen bus he travels to Shaftesbury Avenue and walks to the theatre.

In his dressing-room he will disrobe, wash and sit at his cracked mirror to put a few daubs of greasepaint on his nose and under his eyes. He has no dresser and this is a great comfort because dressers fuss and annoy him.

It is a strange, unbeautiful room with a hideously uncomfortable divan and weird pastels stuck on the walls. Pinned on either side of his dressing-table are letters from his children—and from demobbed actors looking for a job. Williams pins them up to keep them in mind.

After the performance he sips a gin and ginger while changing and returns home the way he left it. Something will be ready for him on a tray; a poached egg will make him very happy.

Then he will stretch his slippered feet towards the fire and yawn and pick up a biography.

"To be continued," he decides, putting off the fire and turning out the light. And so to bed, to sleep the sleep of a celebrated man at the peak of his profession—in pyjamas thoughtfully bought in Alexandria to save coupons.

DENNIS HOLMAN

PRIESTLEY'S PAGE

J. B. Priestley, now a delegate to the United Nations cultural conference in Paris, answers the questions John Bull readers are asking. Mr. Priestley cannot deal with correspondence about this page. Questions (on a postcard) should be sent to the Editor.

"Do you think the British people are wiser than the Americans?"

Yes. The Americans are interested in world affairs, and read their experts' columns and listen hard to their commentators, but they tend to be too excitable and unstable. They are too much influenced by a rather hysterical and irresponsible Press, which does not base its opinions on a steady, sane outlook.

The British people are often lazy-minded and not well informed, but they are unusually free from hysteria and irresponsibility. They are slow to make up their minds, but when they do make up their minds, it is usually done in a solid and responsible fashion.

The dry and exhilarating climate of the United States, together with the national habit of over-dramatizing everything, does not make for steadiness and a sound judgment in world affairs. The American people are a good people, generous and kind, but they are in no shape yet to lead the world, although their economic and military power compels them to take the lead. Again many of their chief politicians simply do not *know* enough about world affairs, have not had sufficient experience of people whose outlook is quite different from that of the average American.

The Americans are quick to learn, but, while they are learning, the rest of us may have a rather difficult time.

"Income tax at a high level is upheld by many as 'the fairest tax of all'. Do you agree?"

Decidedly not, as income tax is assessed at present. It is actually very unfair.

Let us take two men. One of them is the owner of a factory, which brings him in an income of ten thousand pounds. The other, we will say, is a playwright who, after years of struggle, succeeds in writing a hit play, which brings him in one year an income of ten thousand pounds. These two men are regarded by the Inland Revenue authorities as being more or less on the same level: ten thousand a year men, to be taxed accordingly. In point of fact, the factory owner will probably be rather better off from a tax point of view than the playwright, because he may be able to claim depreciation of his machinery, etc., whereas the playwright is allowed no depreciation on his brain power, although successful dramatists do not last as long as factories.

But it is clear that these two men are not really on the same level at all. The playwright has only just made his ten thousand, and may never reach it again. It may have taken him years to earn that ten thousand. He is not, strictly speaking, a ten-thousand-a-year man at all. And he has only to have a serious illness or even some domestic crisis, and his earning power will take a nose-dive. He has no factory to keep on working for him. It is absurd to declare that these two men are really being treated alike.

Again, on the present scale of allowances for children, the income tax leaves the family man far worse off than the bachelor. Our present scale of taxation definitely discourages people in the higher income groups from having large families, and does nothing to encourage people in the lower income groups. The allowances bear no sensible relation to the economic facts of family life. A large, healthy, happy family is a magnificent national asset, and it may be that from now on, with State medicine and a reformed educational system and so forth, the expense of maintaining and educating such a family will be considerably less than it used to be. But up to now income tax, which should have fallen much more heavily on the childless, has done little to encourage conscientious parenthood.

I am no authority on taxation, but it seems to me that the most sensible form of taxation, over and above an income tax on a lower level than at present and the usual indirect taxes, would be a heavy tax on luxuries and an equally heavy tax on money, apart from modest savings, that is hoarded and kept out of circulation. There ought, too, to be some more efficient method of collecting stiff taxes from all those clever people who bring off quiet deals in this and that and play the Stock Market.

On the other hand, the savage taxing of earnings, without reference to the social value of the taxpayer's work, may easily result in a sad loss to the community of professional skill and productive energy. Moreover, it does not make for good citizenship if the State only appears at your door as an imperative debt-collector.

I can remember how annoyed I felt, early this year when I was seriously ill, when the only communication I received from the State was not an inquiry as to how I was or what could be done for my health and comfort, but only *a demand for more money*.

"Does the popular Press really reflect the interests of its readers?"

To some extent, yes. For instance the amount of space devoted to sport in Britain in the popular newspapers undoubtedly reflects with some accuracy the interest of the average male reader.

On the other hand, some editors consistently under-estimate the intelligence of their readers or play down to the level of the stupidest. Thus I hope I am not deceiving myself when I say that there is really more interest in the arts and sciences among ordinary British people now than one would imagine after reading the popular Press.

Again, some topics are given an amount of space and a prominence out of all proportion to the interest of the average reader. A good example of this, to my mind, was the enormous fuss in the popular papers about "G.I. Brides," who were featured in the news week after week, month after month, when most readers were heartily tired of reading about these not very important or interesting young women.

"What do you think is your greatest fault?"

Lack of patience. I have always been too impatient, in work and in play, and I see no signs of my ever really conquering this defect, although I do not think I am as impatient with people as I used to be. But I want things to happen too quickly, do not make the best of bad circumstances, and often do not extract all the juice out of good circumstances.

Delays in travel infuriate me. Long, dullish speeches make me restless and irritable. In my work I am impatient to get done with one job and to get on with the next, a bad fault in an artist, although my lack of patience in the theatre has probably helped to turn me into a quick and neat constructor of plays. And though I believe I have some of the qualities necessary for a successful politician or administrator, my impatience would probably ruin me in either of these capacities.

Had I been more patient I am certain — although I have a good capacity for enjoyment— I would have enjoyed my life up to now far more than I have done. Perhaps that is why the Chinese fascinate me and always win my admiration—because they all have patience, and I have so little. Sorry!

TALKING POINTS ABOUT POTATOES

THIS YEAR'S POTATO HARVEST looked like being a bad one. The Ministry of Food, surveying a year of disastrous weather, brought its "shadow scheme" for potato rationing up to date—in case.

★ ★ ★

Just before the war we were growing under 900,000 acres of potatoes. The 1946 figure is nearly 1,400,000 acres. But we're eating more, too. Pre-war we ate about three and a half pounds every week. In 1945 we were eating more than five and a half pounds.

★ ★ ★

Arch-enemy of the potato is the Colorado beetle. This pretty beetle (colours: orange yellow with black stripes) once lived in America's Rocky Mountains, got the taste for potatoes, and gave up its wild food to worry the early Western farmers. Colorado beetles reached Britain this season in goods imported from Western Europe.

★ ★ ★

Defeat of Colorado beetles this year was accomplished by modern spraying machines which drenched them with insecticide, impregnated the soil where beetles hibernate. One big machine sprays a path sixty feet wide. From the air, helicopters, carrying four tons of liquid, conducted an anti-beetle bombing offensive.

★ ★ ★

Other enemies of the potato: blight, encouraged by rain but discouraged by spraying; wireworms, yellow, inch-long insects which riddle potatoes with holes. Wireworms are tough and tenacious, but succumbed this season to a new "dust" which has just been produced.

★ ★ ★

Greatest potato disaster in history was the Irish potato famine of 1846. Blight in a few weeks that year turned the whole of Ireland's crop into a putrid mass. In those days both the Irishman and his pigs depended almost entirely on the "praties." Of an 8,000,000 population, nearly a million people died in five years. In ten years following the famine, 1,500,000 Irish had emigrated. Thanks to agricultural scientists, blight is never likely to cause such a disaster again.

★ ★ ★

Scotland, not Ireland, has done most to develop the potato from a mere Peruvian weed to a vegetable that has taken its name from English kings and queens. "'King Edward" potatoes are known to every housewife. Last century a Scotsman evolved the "Victoria," an aristocrat among "spuds."

★ ★ ★

Plant-breeders are continually searching for a better potato. They pair off plants, cross-fertilize the flowers. Then from seeds of the mature potato "berry"—it looks like a small green tomato and is found on the haulm after the flowers set—they grow all sorts of queer tubers. Yellow, red, blue or white potatoes have been evolved in innumerable shapes and sizes. Few have been found worth propagating to the field-trial stage.

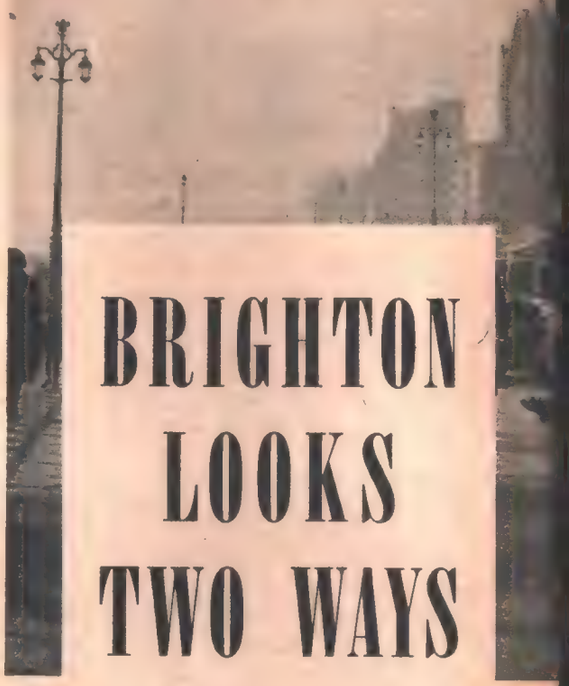
★ ★ ★

New potato announced by the Scottish Plant Breeding Station is "Craig's Bounty." Ever since 1908 work has been going forward on this potato. Now a variety has been perfected which is strong enough not to be affected by blight. Research is still proceeding into the possibility of crossing "civilized" potatoes with the hardy wild ones.

★ ★ ★

And the potato itself? Three-quarters of a potato is water. Starch makes up one eighth and one fortieth is protein. One part in 300 is sugar, except when the potato is touched by frost. Then the sugar content increases. Acrid flavour of a green potato comes from solanine, which is a poison. Starch content of a potato ferments into spirit. Hence, the powerful potato wine which country people make. Hence, in Russia, vodka.

ON THE TRAIL



BRIGHTON LOOKS TWO WAYS

In his search for the shape of tomorrow, John Bull's Special Correspondent explores the future of pleasure by the sea. Brighton, he finds, is also alive to its rôle as a "dormitory" town

by

GORDON BECKLES

THIS SEARCH FOR the elusive shape of tomorrow has so far dwelt largely on the more serious aspects of life.

Yet all the time, wherever I have gone, there has intruded a lighter note. The problem of pleasure—of recreation, of relaxation, of holidays—is always stealing into the picture.

Some say dourly that we are on the way to becoming a pleasure-besotted nation. Others, with more kindly discernment, declare we have far too little holiday incentive to greater toil.

This year's attempt at holidaymaking certainly proved a grim disappointment for many fathers of families; and others.

So here I am in Brighton.

I came because I wanted to see what sort of future a leading seaside resort envisages for its customers; indeed, if there is any future at all.

Before the war a lot of these stucco-fronted, pier-pointed strips of our coastline were suffering badly from young rivals. There were the cruising liners, the all-in holiday camps, cheap motoring and caravans—the whole idea of what "holiday" means was in the melting-pot.

I started by going to see the new mayor elected at the town hall.

This may strike you as an odd approach to the subject of "pleasure," but among the assembled men and women in crimson and blue robes were some of the people who should know the answers.

There are seventy-six councillors, a cumbersome number, I should have thought, but it seems that you cannot run Brighton with less than seventy-six councillors.

The new mayor is an ex-Post Office worker called Tom Morris. For one year he presides over the civic destiny of about 150,000 people.

A Question for the Country

But wait a moment: this Tom Morris is only half a mayor. A mile away is another one—his name is Andrews, and he is Mayor of Hove.

The two boroughs of Hove and Brighton are so interlocked that few local inhabitants can tell you the boundaries; Mayor Andrews can.

"We will fight the proposed merging of Brighton and Hove to the last ditch" he says in ringing tones.

This clash is not just petty local politics.

It provokes a question which has got to be answered in this country in a big way: for whom has a pleasure resort to be run—the local inhabitants or the visitors?

Hove takes the attitude (which most of England also seems to take towards its tourists) that it is a residential district and not interested in visitors unless they conform to Hove rules. No charabancs park on its front, no hawkers or newsboys are allowed to cry their wares in its streets.

It is HOVE.

Its next door neighbour likes fried fish shops, piers with plenty of "What the Butler Saw" peep-show machines, carnivals, charabancs, winkles, sailing trips on the *Saucy Sue*, plenty of pubs, and lots of fun and games.

It is quite clear that it is BRIGHTON—and it wants the name spelled out in electric letters, please.

This Tweedledum and Tweedledee situation has been going on for a long time. It is worse today than ever; no "monstrous crow . . . has frightened both the heroes so . . . that they've forgot their battle."

Now, supposing I were down here fifteen years ago and trying to find what the future offered, what would they have told me?

Something like this: "Although Brighton likes being a popular sort of place, we don't want to become a glorified fish and chip shop. We want to be sure of a green belt around us on the Downs. We don't want to be hedged in from the east. We don't want the lovely little village of Rottingdean to become a ramshackle affair like Peacehaven. We want to become the finest seaside resort in the world."

Well, in the years before the war, the Brighton ratepayers did some wonderful work.

Rottingdean was embraced in its boundaries. Brighton bought a great deal of the Downs around. It extended its promenade so that now one can walk seven miles by the sea front from the point where it joins Hove to beyond Rottingdean. It

OF TOMORROW (5)

Behind this holiday facade Brighton is grappling with housing and education

Sign was deceptive, Beckles found. It led, not to a casino but to a restaurant

built two swimming pools, it reconstructed its aquarium and it talked about plans for preserving its Regency character.

"Admirable," says Hove. "But we are not interested."

When the railway issued a "Brighton" poster showing the Sussex county cricket ground on the map, one Hove councillor — the ground being actually in Hove—nearly had apoplexy in public.

And now to make the breach worse, Brighton is sponsoring a plan to absorb the towns of Portslade, Southwick and Shoreham—each with a dockside slum area—and give Brighton's western approaches the same benefits it was able to give its eastern approaches before the war.

But, in between, stands dignified Hove, with its 60,000 residents.

I was talking to one of the Brighton councillors about the future. He asked me what I thought that Brighton lacked. I said: "A casino."

He laughed tolerantly.

"You'll never get anything of that sort in this country," he said. "The Nonconformist conscience, and all that, you know. No, people wouldn't stand for anything like that."

"Sir," I replied, "on Sunday I was on the Palace Pier at about eleven o'clock in the morning. The loudspeakers were relaying a church service. I was listening to the Lord's Prayer, and at the same time to a man beseeching people to take a sixpenny chance in a game, the result of which depended upon the rolling of a ball into a number. The man, woman or child—all three classes were there—who got the numbers first did not clean the whole pool, but won a prize.

"There were forty people around the table. That makes £1, and there happened to be two winners. Each got a packet of twenty cigarettes. Is that gambling?

"And, sir," I went on, "Last night I watched queues of people buying evening papers. To find out how UNO was doing? Not on your life! To see the football results. And moreover, there was greyhound racing yesterday afternoon, and I have never seen any town with more phone kiosks warning people not to use the phone for purposes of gambling. . . ."

We left it at that.

I think what had put this gambling idea in my head was that I saw a sign on the Promenade saying: "To the Casino." But it turned out to be only a restaurant underneath the Promenade.

Yet I wonder that the question of casinos is not seriously considered. They are extremely orderly affairs on the Continent; they allow the Government to get a direct grip on loose money; and they afford a means of controlling gambling—on which it is conservatively estimated that we are now spending at the rate of £500 million a year with no control at all.

Monte Carlo, for instance, never pays less than seventeen per cent; some French casinos much more, when taxation is added to direct profits.

Millions in foreign currency will be poured into these Continental casinos in the next few years, as they were before and during the war. Why not a Brighton casino?

George IV's ornate Royal Pavilion would be an excellent site; this is not my suggestion; three Brighton councillors made it for me.

There are other clashing forces at work in this seaside resort, and in others around the coast.

During the war a local councillor called A. V. Nicholls—a man with a big hat, a cigar and an air of being Fiorello LaGuardia, of New York—drove a party of his municipal friends to Blackpool and infected them with the "Blackpool idea."

For strangely enough Brighton has never provided its visitors with what is quaintly called a "fun fair city." It has three theatres, dozens of cinemas, two dance halls, five swimming pools (two in Hove, sorry), ice-skating and two piers: but no area on which can be planted the larger impedimenta, such as switchbacks, dodg'ems, water chutes and all the devices beloved of Belle Vue in Manchester, Southport, New Brighton and Blackpool.

So there began a jockeying for sites on which such a fair might be erected.

One financial group bought an area on the front and proposed it to the council; but the council, in a Hove frame of mind, said no. Then another group proposed an area well outside the town; but the council thought it too far away. While all this was going on an amusement man took a garage space in the centre of the town and last year started a fun fair on his own. Out of the subsequent hullabaloo emerged a legal injunction; but I have just visited the place and ridden on a merry-go-round.

Meanwhile, the jostling for handling the threepenny bits and sixpences in a big way goes on.

Control of both piers has now passed to the Tom Arnold-Prince Littler theatre interests. They had heard the story of Oliver Dalton, one-time Liverpool newsboy who bought a few penny automatic machines and ended up controlling the Palace Pier, which could take £600 in pennies on a busy weekend.

There will always be a future in pennies. . . .

One of the men who really run Brighton said to me: "The truth is that people here haven't quite made up their minds what the future holds.

"There is a movement away from the big cities everywhere and nearly every seaside town is going to be affected. Brighton and Hove are London dormitories. Although thousands of us are working directly and indirectly on the resort side of the place, it does not loom so very large in municipal pounds, shillings and pence as you might imagine. The hotels and boarding houses here contribute only about three per cent of the rates. Yes, of course, we want visitors, but we also know that our residential areas are going to grow from now on.

"For the next five years education and housing are the big things for us; and who outside cares about how Brighton is housed and educated?"

Enterprise is Traditional

The less modest truth is that this sprawling and throbbing community has a great tradition of pleasure and enterprise behind it, and trusts to its own instinct rather than any "master plan."

Brighton was first to convince people in the eighteenth century that sea-bathing was not necessarily fatal, and first to urge upon people that the next best thing to "going to sea" was going to look at the sea in safety and comfort from the pier.

Quietly, without any fuss, it began to tear down the barbed wire on its front in 1945, even before the armies had torn down the barbed wire on the Rhine banks.

It was spick and span long before most places had begun even to remember the words; it makes its parent London look shabby and down-at-heel.

★ ★ ★

The shape of Brighton's tomorrow?

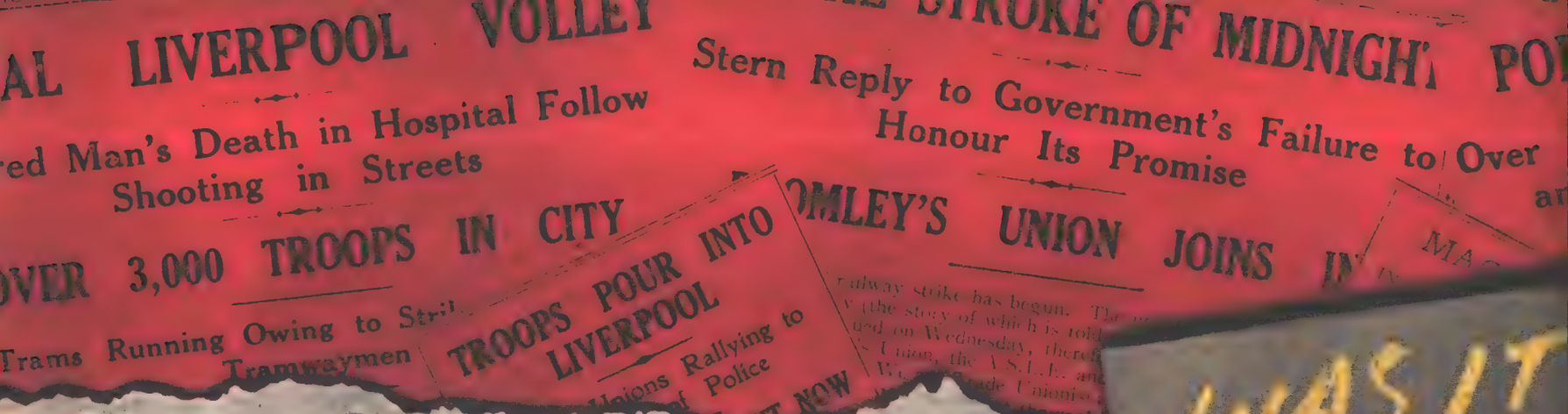
Vague; it wants to keep its historic past—its lovely little "lanes," Georgian streets and Regency squares; but it is willing to try anything once.

"We were the best seaside resort in the world before the war," it says. "We will be content to restore ourselves to that position."

But when you talk about the train service to Brighton! There is a target for every town in Great Britain!

Mile-a-minute electric trains every hour, refreshment bars on all of them when there are not Pullman coaches serving hot meals. . . . It made me a little guilty, coming down here, to think of the insufferably bad railway carriages and services that millions of us still have to endure in less favoured areas of these crowded islands.

Next Week: While Gordon Beckles is absent on a special survey of one of Britain's problem cities, the TRAIL OF TOMORROW will be taken up by another correspondent. Harry Hopkins will write of the future of COTTON.


AL LIVERPOOL VOLLEY
STROKE OF MIDNIGHT PO
ed Man's Death in Hospital Follow Shooting in Streets
Stern Reply to Government's Failure to Honour Its Promise
OVER 3,000 TROOPS IN CITY
Trams Running Owing to Str
Tramwaymen
TROOPS POUR INTO LIVERPOOL
Unions Rallying to
Police
OMLEY'S UNION JOINS
railway strike has begun.
WAS IT LAST

We grumble about shortages, queues, form filling and strikes. But compare them with what happened after the last war, when industrial and political strife was widespread. It's history we don't want repeated in the Britain we are all working to build

"IT SAYS HERE THERE'S GOING to be no coal this winter and we have to wait another two months for a bath in our prefab . . ."

The woman with the shopping bag shook the newspaper viciously. The queue moved up a place or two. . . . "What with BUs and all these strikes, and prices the way they are. Well, my husband says this country's about done . . . we should all go to South Africa or some place, he says. . . . Atom bombs! Not enough soap to keep the kids' knees clean and never a pair of fully fashioneds in months!"

"My boy friend's dad says it was a LOT worse last time," said the girl in the green hat.

* * *

Well, was it worse last time? Let's take a look at what people were reading in their papers in 1919—and see.

The dockers? The gas men? Smithfield? Lady, you ain't seen nuthin'. In the spring of 1919 engineers, shipyard workers, electricians, weavers, miners, policemen, bakers, railway men, tram and Tube men, ironworkers—all were either on strike or just about to strike, including the barbers. Professional footballers were threatening to organize their own matches.

Poy, cartoonist of the London *Evening News*, showed John Citizen in a cockleshell precariously balanced on the crest of a towering wave of unrest. "Hasn't anybody a drop of oil?" his caption cried.

Unofficial strikes? Half of them were. "To illustrate the chaotic condition into which industrial affairs have drifted," reported the *Daily Mail's* Alexander M. Thompson, "the Labour Minister told me that when he saw the General Secretary of the Municipal Employees' Association the official was positively startled to learn that his members in Belfast were on strike. . . ."

The headlines tell the story: TUBELESS LONDON . . . THOUSANDS WALK MILES HOME . . . STRANDED IN THE SNOW . . . WET THROUGH IN QUEUES . . . GIRL WORKERS IN TEARS . . . CITY OF CANDLES . . . PARCEL POST SUSPENDED.

Hotel workers came out at the same time as the Tube men. Desperate citizens were driven to some strange strategems. Reported in the *Daily Mail*: "Chorus girls from the Hippodrome and Apollo who depend on Tubes to reach their work have offered their services as waitresses on condition they are provided with accommodation."

New Dawn in Moscow

But public inconvenience wasn't the half of it. Red Revolution was in the air. Conscious of its new-found power, the mighty triple alliance of the railwaymen's, miners' and transport workers' unions talked strongly of "direct action." And at Southport on June 25 the Labour Party Conference backed them by two to one in the "unreserved use" of the unions' powers to halt operations against the new Soviet Government in Russia.

With eyes focused on the new dawn in Moscow, there were plenty of bold spirits impatient to translate these declarations into urgent reality. Electrical trade unionists threatened to plunge the capital into total darkness. In Glasgow the Riot Act was read to strikers in streets full of smashed-up shops, overturned trams—and the sinister rumble of tanks.

Most disquieting of all, as railwaymen and miners took turns at pressing their demands—and food dumps were built up in Hyde Park—that central pillar of law and order, the British bobby, adopted the same tactics.

For months people never knew for certain whether a policeman would be on point duty or on strike—fighting for the right, steadfastly denied by the Government, to belong to a trade union. In Liverpool in August, 930 policemen, out of a total force of just over 2,000, came out. Three warships stood by in the Mersey as looters surged through streets finally cleared by bayonet charges of the military.

"The officials of the Police Union," warned the Home Secretary as 1,400 police came out in London, "are in close touch with the extremists of the *Daily Herald*, whose object is social revolution."

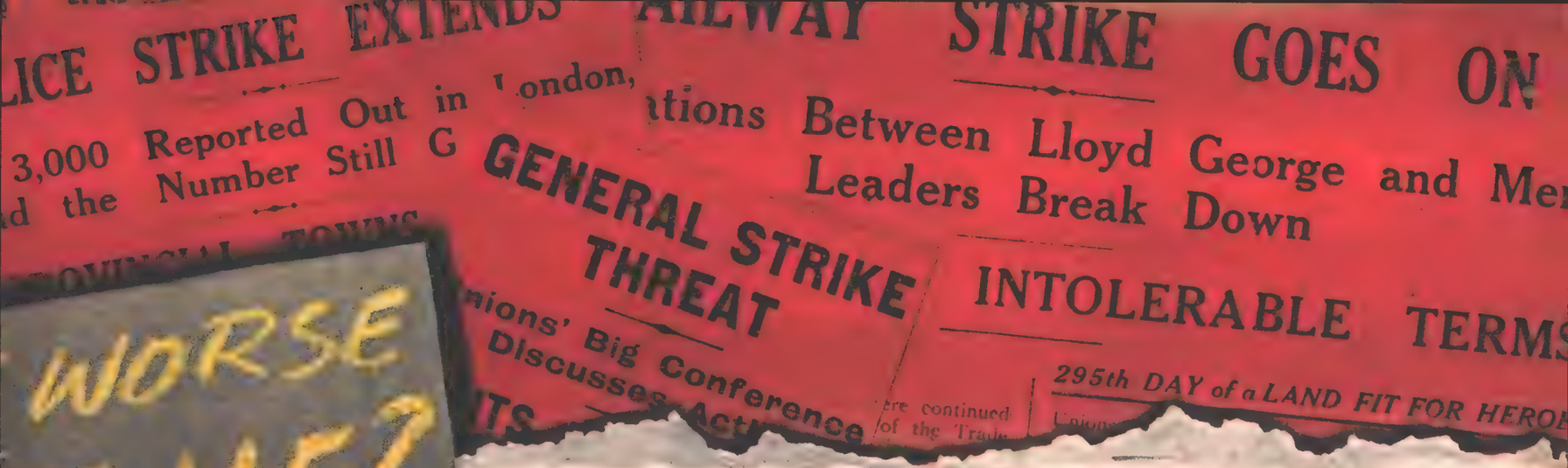
Your Sunday joint, lady? In 1919 many honest citizens like you were getting ready to bury their silver.

"*. . . but the clothes weren't falling off their backs . . .*"

No, there weren't the same shortages. Within the first few weeks after the Armistice, Whiteleys were advertising a "Great Sale of Suits and Dresses: Two Prices Only: 4 and 6 Gns."; Barkers were showing "Twenty miles of Cretonne at 1s. 6½d. a yard" and "50,000 Blouse Lengths at 8s. 6d. and 14s. 6d."; while the Abingdon Carpet

Flashback to the strike of 1919. Emergency transport assembles in Hyde Park

Police "struck," too. "Special" takes over point duty at a busy corner


LICE STRIKE EXTENDS
AILWAY STRIKE GOES ON
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Leaders Break Down
GENERAL STRIKE THREAT
INTOLERABLE TERMS
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295th DAY of a LAND FIT FOR HERO
WORSE TIME?

by HARRY HOPKINS

Company were offering carpets from 24s. to 168s., "all widths of stairs and landings."

Another firm was announcing as "ready for immediate delivery in town or country an enormous quantity of bedroom suites, bedsteads, and dining-room and drawing-room furniture."

In the late spring of 1919 rationing came off tobacco and matches, and the first new cars came on the roads. Meanwhile tyres were very short and second-hand car prices soared: in January a 1912 Singer sold for £336, a 1916 Dodge tourer for £256.

Boxes of Chocolates

"Oh, what a fat *Daily Mail*!" a little girl is reported to have exclaimed in December, 1918. The war-time four-page papers went up from six to eight pages, only a few weeks after the "cease fire" and to ten pages five months later.

". . . and I'll bet they had enough soap to keep clean, too . . ."

A point to you, ma'am. In February, 1919, departmental stores were advertising boxes of half a dozen toilet soaps at 4s. a box. Also seven-pound boxes of assorted chocolates at 3s. a pound, post paid.

All the same it seems there was plenty to grumble about—grumbles with a familiar ring.

Letter to the editor: *"RUDE LONDON . . .* if I had given way to the instinctive feeling of 'ladies first' I should have been stranded for ever. —A Returned Naval Officer."

Another letter—on City waitresses: ". . . the independence of these girls has reached an incredible pitch."

Another cry from the heart: "All this form-filling—is it really necessary?"

And another: "It looks as if businesses may soon be started to book restaurant seats just as theatre seats are booked."

There is even a picture captioned: "Yesterday's Chilly Queue at the Passport Office." And this "explanation" by a G.P.O. official: "It will be some time before we can supply telephones to private individuals."

"London," summed up one writer, "is a good place to stay away from at present. Too full to live in, too busy to move about in, too crowded to sit in, this city of ceaseless crowds is developing new social problems daily."

There were even squatters of sorts.

A West End hotel manager complained desperately to the Press: "I have had to send fifty telegrams asking people who have booked rooms not to come. People who are now occupying the rooms will not leave. It is difficult to turn them out."

". . . the doctors say it's the food that makes us so tired . . ."

Certainly more of it was unrationed earlier, last time. "FOOD POURING IN" was a December 11, 1918, headline. In January people were being begged to buy more tea to prevent congestion in the warehouses. They were at the same time told they might buy one sack of flour per household and one whole side of bacon.

That was a few days after sandwich girls had marched past the Ministry of Food with placards: "MARMALADE: HUGE STOCKS: TAKE THE COUPONS OFF."

White bread had returned in December, 1918, and oranges were so plentiful they were selling below controlled price. But Mr. Clynes, then Food Controller, was still appealing for "children first" with milk. Registration for meat, sugar and butter went on, and it was not till May that the butter ration was stepped up from one ounce to two ounces, where it stayed till the end of 1919. Lard was then already off ration and sugar had gone up to 3s. 4d. per lb. per head in January.

And here's an item a lot of us have dreamed of: "More beer, better beer and cheaper beer were discussed by the Government yesterday. The Cabinet decided to increase the supply by twenty-five per cent from February 24. . . ."

There were six gravities and eighteen prices. "Beer by numbers," said the grousers.

Influenza Toll

But though they certainly *had* more last time—if they could pay for it—whether it did them much good is questionable. Here's a little Birmingham news item of December, 1918: ". . . steps are being taken to get military labour for grave-digging."

Very necessary steps. In the first year after the last war more than 200,000 Britons perished of influenza.

At the end of this war our infant mortality is the lowest ever: forty-five per thousand. But in March, 1919, under the headline: "SAVE THE CHILDREN," people were being told of an infant death rate of one hundred per thousand. "The wail of the child who should live and not die calls to a new crusade," editorialized one paper.

For the flaw in 1919's rosier hues is plain enough. This plenty was a plenty only for those who could buy it. The dockers were complaining that the food they bought in 1914 for 30s. now cost them £5. The National Union of Clerks called attention to the plight of clerks of many years' service getting little more than £2 a week.

Letters flooded into newspaper offices protesting about restaurant prices—10d. for a portion of potatoes, 3d. for "a teaspoonful of marmalade."

No coupons were needed for suits—but a demobbed officer wrote to complain that a "£7 suit" now cost him sixteen guineas. Other ex-officers

Uniformed guard keeps a close check on an improvised petrol dump

At the big railway stations clerical staff had to load food and goods

weighed in to suggest a boycott should be imposed. "All reasonable requirements" for petrol were being met. But for humbler motorists there was a snag: the price—3s. 1½d. a gallon for Grade 3 spirit.

There was even, it seems, a catch in that beer news. "Great Britain," said an angry *Daily Mail* leader, "is now in danger of becoming a 'dry state' owing to the rampant profiteering of the liquor trade and the detestable quality of the alcoholic liquors."

As the year wore on and the volume of protest mounted, the Government was forced to reverse its decision to abolish all controls by November. A select committee was set up to examine the situation. But it was not till ten months after the Armistice that the Anti-Profiteering Act was rushed through in an all-night sitting. Seven hundred tribunals were set up. Even then it was admitted that their fines hit only the little fellow.

". . . and what with all these atom bombs . . ."

Was there any more solace to be drawn from the foreign scene last time?

By October Lloyd George could boast that there was only one peace treaty—Turkey's—unsigned. But it was a peace in law only. All over Europe the succession states were still fighting over the spoils. In Ireland 60,000 British soldiers were being sniped at from behind hedges. In India and Egypt riot and outrage. As, at home, men waiting demob wearily mutinied, other British soldiers—fighting for no one knew quite what—were being frozen to death in the wastes of northern Russia.

The Red Bogy

Much more disturbing than V. M. Molotov was the Bolshevist Spectre of those days—"the fearful menace of Bolshevism" to quote Lloyd George—which seemed to many in 1919 to be casting a dread shadow across Europe. A diplomatic correspondent was "able to reveal" that a Red Army of two million fanatics was ready to march! In the Balkans, Bela Kun planted the Red Flag. In half-starving Germany the Spartacists, led by Karl Liebnecht and Rosa Luxembourg, had risen.

"We do not want a lemonade revolution," said Liebnecht, "what we must first expect is the internationalization of civil war." The headlines bore him out: SHELLING IN BERLIN BATTLE. RED FLAG FURY. MOB DISARMS POLICE.

Undismayed, the idealists clung to their hope in the new-born League of Nations. Then, on November 13, 1919, like a slap in the face, came the U.S. Senate resolution: "The United States assumes no obligation to preserve the territorial integrity or political independence of any other nation." The heart, as Wilson said, was cut out of the covenant. And the next war was born.

". . . and three months to wait for a bath for our prefab . . ."

Housewives of 1919 would tell you to thank your lucky stars you have a prefab at all!

In the first twelve months after the end of this war we built 16,784 permanent houses and 35,290 temporaries. Not so many, perhaps, but let's take a look at the grand total after one year last time: one hundred and twenty-four houses!

Well over half a million were urgently needed. Three million people were living under seriously over-crowded conditions. The headlines underscore the pathetic story: NOWHERE TO LIVE. BED COUPONS NEXT?

In September it was announced that it would be New Year, 1920, before the hotels which Government departments had been using could be reoccupied.

The King gave a special pep talk to representatives of local authorities from all over England. And it seems they certainly needed that talking to—no less than some of ours today—for by the end of April, 1919, only 400 authorities out of 1,800 had produced housing schemes.

In the spring the Government put through a Bill to deal with the house rents scandal. But in the Lords Lord Grey exposed it as "a shell without a kernel." "Lordlords," he explained, "can get over their difficulty by putting a few sticks of furniture into the rooms and letting them as furnished rooms." Nobody thought of rents tribunals.

". . . but at least they had some coal to put on the fire . . ."

Did they? In February, 1919, East Enders didn't need to read in their papers, FIRELESS HOMES — SHIVERING CHILDREN IN COAL QUEUES, to know that coal was hard to come by. Indeed, coal, electricity and gas remained rationed long after food restrictions had been swept away. Today's coal deficit is put at 10,000,000 tons. In 1919 it was put at 36,000,000 tons.

Day after day the threats and counter-threats of mineowners and miners filled the newspapers with the clangour of industrial strife.

"I am convinced by the alarming fall in output that everybody has not been doing his best and I rely on the honour of leaders and men to maintain output." No, not Mr. Shinwell, but Lord Sankey in his famous 1919 Report.

Today, at least we have a coal plan—backed to the full by the miners' own Communist president.

". . . and how about all this unemployment again in South Wales . . ."

To be exact, 60,441 out of work—a Welsh pocket in a July total of 391,939 for the United Kingdom.

Unpleasant enough—darned unpleasant for the men concerned—but hardly a "grave and growing" problem, the words used by a Ministry of Labour spokesman in 1919. That April nearly a million were unemployed. Most in engineering, with 91,000 in cotton, 60,000 in other textiles, and 63,000 in building—industries vital to reconstruction.

Jobless Demonstrated

A newspaper reporter sent out to write up the dole queues found half of them consisted of young ex-Servicemen, eager for work. An ex-major with a wife and two children said that in four months of job-hunting his best offer had been £120 a year.

In a world clamouring for cloth, workless weavers were demonstrating outside Manchester Town Hall. In May, jobless ex-Servicemen marched to Buckingham Palace in protest.

That sort of thing has been managed a lot better this time.

". . . but all these absentees—and the country's nearly bankrupt . . ."

In the second quarter of 1946 exports were one hundred per cent of the 1938 volume. A long way to go to the target of more than 175 per cent of 1938—but not such a bad start.

Last time? "The cardinal fact," said Lloyd George, "is that we are not paying our way. We are faced by diminishing output and increased cost of production. . . ."

"Expenditure," said the Chancellor, Neville Chamberlain, on August 7, 1919, "is exceeding my estimate and the yield of taxation is falling below it. The end will be national bankruptcy."

Dr. Dalton is able to be a good deal more cheerful than that.

RED TAPE STRANGLES OUR EXPORT TRADE—was a 1919, not a 1946, headline! An industrial correspondent touring the Midlands would not this time have to report most factories closed down, with industrial leaders away from home, while the workers filled "picture palace" queues. The reason in 1919? Reconversion!

Madam, are you still dreaming of those 1919 sides of bacon, those sacks of flour, the eggs—even if they were 5½d. each?

Certainly in many ways they had much better materials to work with last time than we—crippled by the aftermath of the nation's prodigious financial sacrifices and our labour famine.

But it looks as though this time we make up in applied experience and creative planning for the material goods which, last time, they were able to save from the wreck of war.

The woman with the shopping bag was within two yards of the shop door. A girl came out and hung up a card: QUOTA SOLD FOR TODAY.

"It was worse last time," said the girl in the green hat. "My boy friend's dad says so."

JOHN BULL QUIZ

knowledge is power

. . . AND HERE'S A GAUGE TO YOUR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE. If you know over half the answers already, you are well informed. Five out of five in any section proves you are expert in that subject; four out of five means you know a great deal about it. The answers are on page 26.

ECONOMICS

(1) What is the process of boom-slump-boom-slump called? (2) What is inflation? (3) What was the Bretton Woods Conference about? (4) The National Debt is over £20,000 millions; who owes it to whom? (5) Who is famous for the Labour Theory of Value?

SONGS

(1) How long was Camptown racetrack? (2) Whom do some talk of, while you sing of the British Grenadiers? (3) What was the profession of Molly Malone's father; of Clementine's father? (4) What was the burden of the Jolly Miller's song? (5) Where did Barbara Allen dwell; where are the Campbells coming to?

LOVERS

(1) Who was the woman in Parnell's life? (2) What Biblical character waited seven years for his true love? (3) Who built the Taj Mahal, and why? (4) What English king did Mrs. Fitzherbert marry? (5) Which lover of Mary Queen of Scots was stabbed to death?

WORDS

(1) We have shortened the words "periwigs" and "spatterdashes"—to what? (2) What is bowdlerizing and who did it first? (3) What term is given to the current *Itma* practice of mixing up words so that, for instance, "half-formed wish" becomes "half-warmed fish"? (4) Can you differentiate between "apparently" and "evidently"? (5) What is the origin of the word "bunkum"?

SIGNS

(1) In music, what do these mean? ♯ 𝄐 (2) In mathematics, what do these mean? √ ∴ (3) What does 1946 look like in Roman figures? (4) In proof-reading, what do these mean? ⌐ # (5) In chess reports and problems, what do these mean? R × Q; O-O-O.

PSYCHOLOGY

(1) What is a conditioned reflex? (2) What is the basic belief of the Freudians? (3) What's the difference between an introvert and an extrovert? (4) What is narcissism? (5) What different jobs are done by a psychiatrist and a psycho-analyst?

SPORT

(1) What would you expect to see at St. Andrews, Cowes, Hampden Park and Aintree? (2) What is the fastest game played between two teams? (3) What do the golfing terms "bogey" and "foozle" mean? (4) What equipment do you need for "Ring Taw"? (5) What is Doggett's Coat and Badge?

SHAKESPEARE

(1) Who came to bury Caesar, not to praise him? (2) Who offered his kingdom for a horse? (3) What proof did Iago give Othello of his wife's unfaithfulness? (4) What were the names of Hamlet's mother and father? (5) What nine British rulers did Shakespeare use in play titles?

CHAMPIONS DON'T JUST GROW . . .

by HUGH MACKAY

The one thing seriously wrong with British sport is that there is not more of it. We must encourage our young players by better facilities and real coaching

Bisham Abbey, the new National Recreation Centre, is a clue to world sports success. Young Britain gets a real chance to train

ONCE UPON A TIME, British sport attracted world-wide admiration and esteem. . . .

I have used this fairy story introduction because the fact is that the international reputation of British sport is likely to become quite as much a fairy story legend as Sinbad the Sailor or Puss-in-Shooting-Boots.

Nationally, from the sporting point of view, we have almost touched bottom. We try to comfort ourselves with the lone triumphs of a Sydney Wooderson but the uncomfortable feeling still remains that we're generally losing ground.

Yet the only thing seriously wrong with British sport is that there is not more of it.

The ballyhoo about whether Matthews or Finney should perambulate on England's touchline—or even the eternal shindy going on over the border with the Scottish selectors for not recognizing Gordon Smith, that new William Wallace-Alex James-Robbie Burns-Mick-the-Miller combination! makes interesting reading material. It serves as a basis for public house or canteen disputes but when we talk of British sport we mean something more than the professional gladiators.

There is a crisis all right, but it is much more closely linked to young people everywhere than to Highbury or Ibrox.

The crisis that faces British sport today is, on analysis, the crisis of shortages.

There are more amateur soccer teams in existence today than can be accommodated by the playing fields available. In every town of any size there is a long waiting list of enthusiasts who wish to form teams as soon as a pitch is available.

The soccer stars of tomorrow may be among these enthusiasts — but at the moment they have no chance of developing their talent.

Granted the playing pitch, another shortage arises. The shortage of equipment.

Have you ever tried finding footballs, shirts, pants, stockings and boots for a new soccer eleven? It's heartbreaking. The stuff just isn't there.

Next, who is available to teach the young sports enthusiasts the finer points of the game?

Our soccer stars can go off to the Continent every close season to eke out their summer wages by coaching foreign players. But what about our youngsters at home?

Wooderson was no Miracle

Are they expected to pick up the finer points of football in the back streets of small towns? The answer, unfortunately, seems to be "yes." Because in Britain today the idea still persists that footballers grow on trees in the Gorbals or in the alleys of Bootle.

Our solitary "Wonder Man"—Sydney Wooderson—would be the first to point out that his successes are no act of God. Easy access to good tracks, the right kind of shoes and running gear plus patient and intelligent coaching alone will produce men to follow in his footsteps.

Women athletes, too, require the same things.

More tennis courts. More hockey and netball pitches. More tuition.

British women, who set a world example in their war effort, are not today entirely delighted to see so many women's world sports titles pass to the girls of other nations.

What can be done about it all?

There is only one answer. To recapture our lost sports eminence, we must encourage the young people to play more games. We must provide them with more recreation centres and playing fields. Above all, we must develop some new system of coaching which will enable amateur clubs, in every branch of sport, to secure the services of a central pool of expert instructors.

The most remarkable sporting successes in recent times have been gained by the Americans, the Swedes, the Norwegians and the Russians. The reasons are plain enough.

In the last analysis, the successes of these nations are due to three outstanding facts:

First: More people in these countries take part in sport and physical recreation.

Second: Sports and recreation facilities are far more elaborate than anything which exists in Great Britain at the moment.

Third: Everyone is *encouraged* to take part in some sport or other and recreation in these countries is not only organized but fashionable.

What are we doing about it, here at home?

Consider the activities of the Central Council of Physical Recreation—a body of which you may hear much more in the future.

The CCPR is composed of 154 sports and youth associations, ranging from such august bodies as the Football Association and the M.C.C., right down to the Girl Guides and the Primrose League.

Recently, the Central Council has launched a National Sports Development Fund. Money raised will be used to encourage British people to make the most of our leisure time by playing games, swimming, mountaineering, fencing, canoeing—in fact, in taking part in any form of sport we may wish to enjoy.

The council has no intention of dictating the use of leisure hours. But members do hope that through trained instruction we may come to derive more enjoyment than we thought possible in any particular sport.

So far the council has a staff of sixty-five trained specialists. In each of the main regions of the country, a team of instructors and coaches have been set up. Their task is to train the leaders of youth clubs, sports associations and other organizations to instruct, in turn, their members in every form of physical recreation.

Following a course under council specialists' instruction, the youth club leaders will return to their clubs and pass on the new ideas to their members.

Recently the council established at Bisham Abbey, on the Thames, near Marlow, a national centre for conducting these courses. During the past year more than 18,000 men and women have attended the courses and are now passing their experience on to others.

Additionally, the council staged a Festival of Youth at Wembley, and followed up this big event with smaller exhibitions, demonstrations and tournaments up and down the country.

The Council is on the Ball

Nor is the Central Council inactive politically. Not long ago it made successful representations to the Government for the reduction of entertainment duty on games and sports and obtained concessions from the railways.

Make no mistake about it, the Central Council of Physical Recreation, once it really gets going on its schemes for development, can be a most powerful factor in the renaissance of British sport.

The council cannot be expected to conjure up new playing fields, pavilions, gymnasia, supplies of sporting equipment, like a white rabbit from a conjuror's hat. But the council is on the ball, watching and waiting for every opportunity of advancing British sport in any direction.

It is all very well for the saloon-bar sports commentator to say, "What's happened to our heavyweights? Why do the Russians teach us how to play football? Where are our tennis players?"

Potential world champions of tomorrow exist in Britain today. We must see that they have the facilities to develop their skill.

This country has produced a generation of men and women who played an unexampled part in the winning of the greatest war in human history.

The stock has not run dry.

All that remains is to give our support to such organizations as the Council of Physical Recreation and refuse to countenance any "defeatist" talk about Britain's sporting future.

The world may at the moment be smiling at our record in international sport.

We must hope and work for the day when the last laugh will assuredly be on our own faces.

IT'S A MATTER OF COURTESY

by HERBERT HODGE

I'M NOT FEELING TOO HAPPY at the moment. I'm about to try what I can't help feeling may be a painful experiment.

Yesterday, the windscreen of my ancient "eight" presented its usual clean and virgin appearance. Today it bears a label—a label prettily printed in red and green—with the words: "COURTESY ALWAYS."

It's the badge of the Courtesy Club of Great Britain. It seems a splendid idea to me, so I'm going to try it. Only, now that I've advertised my intention to all and sundry by sticking those labels on the front and back of my car, I'm beginning to wonder what the effect will be.

I can't quite make up my mind whether I'm being a bold pioneer, or just another mug.

Will that label encourage courtesy in the other road-users I may meet? Or will it be equivalent to saying: "Please kick me," or "Kindly slap the other cheek"?

It's queer, but I never thought of all this until after I'd stuck those labels on. The idea took my fancy and (as always when ideas take my fancy) I felt I couldn't be happy until I'd tried it.

Looking through my old JOHN BULLS, I see that I first mentioned the idea on this page as far back as last May, when the Courtesy Club had just started as a local effort in Birmingham.

Since then I've been to Birmingham and talked with the men who started the club. There's no doubt they've got hold of the right idea. It's all very well to plan ideal road systems, better traffic regulations, more stringent road laws, and the like, but thirty years of daily cycling and motoring, not to mention walking, have convinced me that the final result must rest with the individual road-user.

At present, and for a good many years to come, our roads must remain anything but fool-proof. The responsibility that rests on the road-user, therefore, is all the greater.

And that's where this "courtesy" idea comes in. Alertness is all very well. "Safety first" is all very well. But while both these ideas are good and necessary, they don't go far enough. They are mainly protective ideas; ideas for taking care of *yourself*. If you're going to be a really first-class road-user, you've got to be prepared not only to take care of yourself, but to take care of the other fools, too.

That Other Fellow

Everyone, I think, will agree that there's many a fool on the road who needs to be taken care of—though we may not agree whether that fool is you, or me, or the man over the way. The fact is, of course, that while the worst of us may be fools all the time, even the best of us are apt to be fools some of the time.

So what the art of driving, cycling and walking really boils down to is the art of taking care of each other—the art of nursemaiding each other; of feeling responsible for the other person's safety.

Now that goes far beyond just obeying the rules. It carries with it the responsibility of avoiding the accident even when the other chap breaks the rules. It means being willing to give way even when you're in the right—not out of weakness, or cowardice, but because it's the only sensible thing to do.

It's also, of course, the really clever thing to do; because, in giving way, even when you're in the right, you may be saving the other chap's life.

I add the "clever thing" because, for many people, whether they are motorists, cyclists or pedestrians, the clever thing seems to be the only thing that matters. The clever thing, for them, is what they feel everyone will admire.

For many years, the clever thing to do has been to get there first—and to blame the other man's behaviour for the accident. Everyone may not, nowadays, admire that sort of cleverness quite as much as they did. But the instinct to regard "thrusting" as the clever thing, and to regard giving way as weakness, still persists.

H.P. Swells Heads

The old proverb, "If you put a beggar on horseback he'll ride to the devil," seems to fit our mechanical age equally well. Power tends to give us all a swelled head—even if it's only ten horse-power attached to four wheels. The boy on his first motor-bike is apt to feel like a god. You can't wonder that "thrusting" has become the clever and the fashionable thing.

But thrusting is not the fashionable thing in the home, or at a dance, or even in the fish queue. It's not fashionable anywhere in this country, except on the road. Off the road, courtesy is the fashionable thing.

And since we are, most of us, courteous off the road, I see no reason why we shouldn't become courteous on the road. It's only a question of making it fashionable.

You begin to make a thing fashionable by advertising it. And that is what the Courtesy Club has set out to do. If as many motorists carried the courtesy badge, and meant it, as now carry the A.A. badge, the thing would be almost done.

When I visited the headquarters of the club in Birmingham the other day, I learned that it is now receiving applications for membership from all over the country. Sheffield made it the focal point of its safety week, and enrolled a thousand members. Holland and South Africa are starting Courtesy Clubs, and the idea is being considered in the States. The British club intends shortly to hold a mass meeting in London to draw up a national constitution.

The one great snag in all this, of course, is that most of us hate wearing a new label—especially a label that might suggest to other people that we felt we were setting them a good example.

This, perhaps, is at the root of all my misgivings about sticking the courtesy badge on my car.

But it certainly won't do *me* any harm to have that courtesy reminder in front of me on the windscreen. And if a few smart-alecs cut in on me, and a few pedestrians treat me as a figment of someone else's imagination, all because of that courtesy badge—well, they'll simply be what we scientific pioneers call "interesting phenomena."

I shan't be able to call them anything else, anyway—not now I've joined the Courtesy Club.

★ ★ Each week in this special feature, Herbert Hodge, ex-taxi-driver, author and broadcaster, gives his viewpoint on topics of the moment

THINKING AROUND

RADIO

Listening is Hard Work

YOU WOULD THINK that in your own home you could do as you like. Listening to a play on the radio, for instance, should be quite simple: the wireless set is there, the washing up is done, and it's ten past nine. In five minutes there is a play you want to hear. So you switch on.

Then your wife says, "Could you just pop this letter round to the post?" You explain about the play, but the letter, she insists, is urgent, and the pillar-box is just round the corner.

You get back out of breath to find the radio play has started—"but only just this minute, dear," placates your wife. You sit down and try to discover who the men talking about Joanna are and who Joanna is. After a few minutes' concentration you have it taped: they are Joanna's brothers; she is to be married tomorrow and they think there's something fishy about the lucky man. Enter Joanna.

At this point you feel like a cigarette and remember they are in your overcoat in the hall. Your cigarettes or the play? You decide on a compromise and keep the door wide open while you are in the hall, but you cannot quite make out what the radio actors are saying.

Back by the wireless, you manage to get a few minutes' solid listening before your wife asks you what you think about Mrs. Snooks. "What about her?" you snap.

It takes your wife a long time to explain that Charlie Snooks bought her a sweepstake ticket and it won some money. By the time you have cut her story short with a growl of "I'm trying to listen to the wireless," there is at least one new character in the play whom you cannot place.

THE crisis comes with a ring at the bell, just as Joanna's husband is putting strychnine in her coffee. Your wife is interested in the play now and you have to go to the door yourself. It's old Percy, and you spend the next quarter of an hour trying to penetrate Percy's layer of conversation to hear what is happening to Joanna in the play. Finally you give it up and switch off.

Yes, listening to the wireless is difficult. It's comparatively straightforward seeing a play or film. Once you get to the cinema or theatre, you rivet your attention on the plot and others in the audience are bound by the code of public behaviour not to distract you from it.

Now that the Third Programme is here and the standards of the Home Service and the Light Programme are going up, the radio can claim to be treated on a par with films and stage plays. You should resist every temptation that tries to entice you away from the radio. Say to yourself, "If I were in a cinema . . ." and act accordingly. There are enough really good plays, talks and features nowadays to repay determined listening.

If you find this impossible in the room where you usually listen, it may be worth while fixing an extension into the next room and making it your listening room. If necessary, hang up a notice inside saying "SILENCE," and one saying "DON'T DISTURB" outside on the door.

Or you could revert to earphones. . . .

ELKAN ALLAN

NO MAN'S FOOL

by

DOROTHY COTTRELL

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

He dragged the dog from the car to the edge of the ravine. It seemed that even in death the dog's eyes still blazed green with hate

Mears was sure he'd killed the old man—certain the miser's dog was dead, too. But what was this white beast that tracked him through the night? He was one man who'd never know

THE BROWN VALLEY was deserted and blind with rain as Mears slid the last avalanche of stony soil over the old man's body. It was not, Mears had always known, the fact and act of murder that was difficult. What caught a man was weakness in himself, the inability to treat the thing as a job of work well done—so that a fool, as it were, carried with him his own danger. . . . He, Mears, was no man's fool.

He was slick! Ruthlessly slick! He had put the old man's body at the foot of the little cliff by the torrent. He had put the old man's spade beside him—having wiped off his own prints and pressed the old man's fingerprints upon it. Then he had climbed the bank and started the avalanche of clay and rocks falling over the old man. No body was to be found in the crudity of a grave! When the old man was found, he would be found crushed beneath a landslide where the old fool himself had been digging—so very obviously an accident.

Before the old man's body was found, Mears would be a couple of hundred miles away, spending the old man's money—a miser's money, all in cash. No one would think of Mears in connection with the old man. Mears was just a stranger passing through the mountains. It remained only to dispose of the body of the dog.

Hurrying now, he wrapped its great body in the canvas and tied it on the running-board of the car. He cleaned the ground of blood—even a dog's blood. The valley drummed with rain as he left it. The rain would wash the tracks of his car from the mountain road.

Grinding steadily upward, Mears thought about the dog. He need not have killed the dog. But it had tried to oppose him and Mears had always felt hatred for anything that opposed him. He had always hated dogs . . . and the dog had as instantly hated him. Its hackles had lifted, its lips drawn back, its great white-coated body shaken with the rumbled volley of menace in its throat. It had strained against the old man's grasp as Mears told his story of being a traveller lost in the storm. "He's used to our being alone. He doesn't take to strangers," the old man said. "Down, boy!" It was only after the old man took the dog to a corner and tied it that Mears could enter. And at once the great white brute had been up on its hind legs, snarling and trying to get at him. At last the old man led the dog to its chain in the yard. Being led, it flashed back in a final effort to deal with Mears. Only the dog's unwillingness to use physical force against its master had saved Mears from attack. He had found his hands shaking. He had always had a great terror of dogs.

OLD MAN HOWARD had never known what hit him. But the dog had known—though it had not seen. Its clamours filled the valley. There was no one between the mountains to hear. But Mears's rage rose against the dog who chided him! He picked up the axe and went after the dog—to annihilate it for daring to oppose him! The dog came at him—raging against the chain! The fury of the dog unnerved him. He missed it, and the axe struck the chain. The chain snapped, and the dog was on him—flinging him backwards—its fangs forcing past his shielding arm at his throat. Pressing his gun into the hairy body, he fired wildly. It rolled from him—and Mears was up unharmed. But, having had to shoot the dog, he could not leave it under the cliff with the old man. There was, he had remembered, a place ten miles up the road where a hurtling body would fall sheer into a desolate ravine—from which no accusation could come back. That would be the end of the dog.

When he came to the place where he meant to get rid of it, the rain had ceased but the sky was dark, the wind restless; and, far beneath his feet, mist clung to the wet hillsides, veiling the drop that still went on below the mist. When he unrolled the dog it was already stiff in death, but it seemed to him that its eyes still blazed green with hate. It was with relief that he braced himself and hurled the body out into space. In the air it turned over, and he saw the baleful eyes and bared fangs for the last time. Then it dropped—diminishing—down—down—down—and passed into the mist. . . . Mears was glad it was gone. Down there was only primal forest and stone. No one would ever see what was left of the dog. He washed the tarpaulin in a tumbling torrent. A little farther up the road he flung the canvas, too, out into space. Then he continued the miserable drive. He was tired of mountains and gloom and silence.

He cursed savagely as a tyre blew. He hurried with the changing of the wheel. The wind came up the valley behind him, chill with mist, making a faint, sad sound. It was not unlike the far, heart-broken wailing of a dog! In spite of himself, he shivered. Having changed the wheel, he went slowly on, guarding

with my feet up, by ian fox

Peace, It's Wonderful!

GIRL TYPISTS, SO I READ, have voted that Sir Hartley Shawcross is the most handsome man in the United Nations Assembly.

Now, wait a minute! You girls must be careful. There'll be an international incident in a minute. You can't start a war at a peace conference.

Or can you?

Already it is rumoured that several nations who have small, ugly delegates are likely to exercise powers of veto on Sir Hartley. America, so my network of spies tells me, is reported to be rushing Frank Sinatra over to take the place of a representative who has large ears and a receding chin.

And what is the position of that divine Mr. Ckzckckszck? He would beat Sir Hartley hollow if anyone could pronounce him. Then there would have to be some pretty delicate re-drawing of frontiers.

★ ★ ★

This sort of thing is going to make it more difficult to choose delegates to conferences.

For instance, everyone feels that a certain Deputy Assistant Under Private Secretary ought to be there because of his diplomatic experience. But unfortunately his name is Clarence Pobblesworth. So a young fellow from the filing department, who is named Cedric Beaumont-d'Arcy is chosen instead.

The task of choosing women delegates is made almost impossible. By the time they have passed beauty tests, ideal figure tests and ankle tests, and have been judged by a panel of artists and designers for clothes sense, there is no one fit to be a representative but the new girl who brings the office tea. And how can she be expected to deal firmly with the sticky question of illegal jute boiling in the Andes?

However, we will leave the serious side of the Assembly and get on to something lighter.

The next item of news which I read was this: "The delegates found a new toy—the simultaneous interpretation system—and put on headphones and turned knobs to hear others apparently speaking strange tongues. Roars of laughter interrupted the proceedings until the chairman shouted for order."

That's what I like to hear. In fact, I started daydreaming and found myself listening to the boys with their headphones on roaring with laughter.

"Hark at this," said one, guffawing loudly. "It's too fantastic! Whatever language can it be?"

"Haven't the foggiest. The poor man sounds as if he's chewing gum with his teeth in upside down."

"Let's try another. . . . Here's a wonderful one! What *can* he be jabbering about?"

"Objecting to something, I expect."

"Anyway, one couldn't possibly make a treaty with a country that has a language like that."

★ ★ ★

"Ah, here's a pleasant voice. Listen!"

"Beautiful. Whatever country it belongs to is probably stiff with underground atom bomb factories."

Now don't be cynical. I've got a marvellous idea. Let's smuggle a gramophone in tomorrow and wire it into the circuit. All these earnest old boys *will* be surprised. They'll think they've got the Light Programme by accident."

"What a lark! What record shall we play first?"

"I should think, 'Oh, Oh, Oh, It's a Lovely War'."

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against skids on the frightful road. In the rear-view mirror he saw the road falling away steeply behind him. The rain squalls beat down it, but nothing else moved. He felt a certain foolish relief that it was deserted.

At dusk, with a big moon rising, he topped the ridge. Before him there opened out a mile of straight road. He let the car out. Speed! How he loved it. In the little mirror at his side he saw the streak of moonlit road flying into the distance behind him. Then he saw something else. Far back, where the ribbon of road narrowed and was lost, moved some white thing that did not diminish as it should have. It was only a flying glimpse in the little reflector, but he could have sworn that the thing was a dog—a very big dog—running! Taking a grip of the wheel, he turned to look back, but just at that moment the car struck a patch of boulders and the road took a turn. He was fully occupied with the steering for the next minute. One of the front wheels wobbled violently—but he did not pull up. When the road straightened out again he looked back. There was only the moon-leadened streak walled by the darkness.

PERHAPS it had been imagination. Should he wait until the thing caught up with him? It was absurd to run away from a stray dog . . . and yet he felt strangely disinclined to wait for the running shape to appear down the moonlit road. He felt for his revolver, and remembered that he had emptied it in killing the dog — and was out of ammunition. He went on, rather faster than was safe with a damaged wheel.

There should be a village just ahead.

In the village he stopped before what appeared to be a small hotel. A group of men were idling by the bar door. He asked: "Anywhere I can get a radius rod fixed?"

A voice replied from the darkness: "Bill here's the blacksmith. He can do most jobs. . . ."

"Tell him to take a look at this wheel!"

"Ain't used t' being told, mister," a second voice drawled. "But I'll take a look all the same." A large man made a deliberate inspection of the car front.

Mears asked: "Well?"

"I can fix her for you tomorrow, maybe——"

"I want it fixed tonight!" Mears steadied his voice. "I'll pay."

"It's a long job. Take maybe five or six hours."

Mears swore. "I'll take a room here. Call me when you have finished the job." In the room, Mears walked to the window. It looked out on the little street. On the opposite side was the post office, and some children were playing about. Immediately beneath him the view was obstructed by the hotel verandah. Suddenly one of the children looked towards the hotel and called: "Hello, big dog!"

"Where?" Mears shouted harshly.

The children looked up in surprise. "He's just gone round the back, mister."

"What sort of dog?"

"The big white one," his informant answered.

"Rot!" Mears shouted—and banged down the window.

Should he go out and look for it? He would, if he'd had his gun loaded! . . . Or was the thing following him something you couldn't get with a gun?

He had not slept for two nights and his mind was playing him tricks! He locked his door and fell on the bed. But he slept little—and when he did a great sinister shape came leaping upon him in his dreams. He was haggard when the proprietor called him at midnight. At the door he paused. On the landing, on the worn oilcloth, were the faint but clear impressions of a dog's paws—a very large dog. He muttered: "Some dog belonging to the place. . . ." But in his mind was an unpleasantly clear picture of a thing patiently waiting outside his door through the night. But that was too absurd! He cursed himself. He cursed this little mountain village and difficult steep roads. He wanted to be a couple of hundred miles away—to leave behind this thing that was following him—and yet could not have followed him. . . .

The night was sultry and there was a constant mutter of thunder, with an occasional flash of lightning, as he started out over one of the worst bits of road he had yet encountered. To the left the mountainside fell suddenly away to the valley bottom, a thousand feet below.

ONLY a ragged fringe of bushes stood out brightly in the headlights; beyond them, the darkness and space. To the right of the road the cliffs climbed again, densely veiled in scrub oaks. He was miserably nervous of the staggering drop a few feet away. He, as a rule the most confident of drivers, went like a shying horse. Once, swerving in from a clump of bushes, he grazed a tree. This shook his nerve still further.

At one moment it would seem to him that he overhung the precipice, the next that he was running into the cliff. He drove wildly fast, skidding on the bad road. There was the harsh scrape of metal on stone; a jarring stop; he had run into a jutting rock. He got out. It was hopeless this time. One of the front wheels was doubled against the frame. He mopped sweat from his forehead. He felt too weak to walk back in the darkness—afraid to walk back in the darkness. He wished the car was a saloon and could be closed. In his present frame of mind he had no liking for a night alone in an open car. He climbed into the driver's seat and lit a cigarette. He rallied his remaining sanity to laugh at his fear. It was only his imagination that had conjured fear from normal trifles. He looked at the luminous dial of his watch and settled himself to wait for day. Half an hour passed; and he dozed. But suddenly he awoke with a sense of impending horror.

He stared wildly into the darkness behind him.

There was a brilliant flash from the nearing storm. He saw the winding road and the wind-lashed trees, but nothing else. Yet he continued to look. It was some seconds before there was another flash. When there was, he rose in the seat with a smothered cry. Bounding down the road towards him came the dog—far off yet, but unmistakable. Then the darkness shut down again. He stood clutching the back of the seat. Then he was out of the car, running blindly down the dark road. He ran with his hands outstretched. When he touched rocks or trees he knew that he was too far to the right; when he felt the bushes and grass, he knew the abyss was before him.

NOW he was aware of a new sound. Something that was not the rumble of the storm or the impact of his own boots on the stones. It was the patter of a dog's paws! He clutched the cliff-face, trying to climb it. He could not. He was almost spent, yet he gathered himself for a last effort, running madly. But the thing gained on him. He could hear its breathing.

There came a long, brilliant flash from the storm. He saw the dog just behind him. He saw the coarse mountain growth that fringed the edge of the drop and, far below, like a land of toy trees, the floor of the valley. With a cry he flung himself outwards and downwards, shrieking as he fell until his cries were lost in the storm.

Back in the village, Bill, the blacksmith, was cleaning his hands and accepting a cigarette from the hotel keeper as they talked of the traveller.

"An unpleasant customer!" Bill said.

"My dog thought so," the hotel keeper said. "Seemed to go crazy when he smelled the car running-board. Sniffed his way up to the fellow's door an' was growling, so I took him an' tied him up. Then busts his chain as the bloke drives off an' goes chasing after the car, growling murder! . . . Ain't acted like that since I gave his brother to old man Howard in the valley. Never see two dogs as fond of each other as them two were. As if they knew they was the only two white wolfhounds in a couple of hundred miles. . . ."

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

False hopes

THERE is a disease rampant today called Disillusionment. Bad though it is, the after-effects are worse. They are apathy, cynicism and a distrust of life.

It's a serious thing when a person becomes disillusioned. It means he has lost his faith. You cannot be disillusioned as long as you believe in yourself or in others, and man must have faith if he wants to be happy. Faith is the sheet-anchor of life. Let that go, and you let everything go.

You lay yourself open to the disease of disillusionment the moment you start judging the actions of others.

It is so dangerous to judge. It is so easy to misjudge. And difficult to know the motives actuating a human mind. Guesswork is no good—worse than no good. The French knew what they were doing when they coined their poignant phrase: "To know all is to forgive all." Before you judge the words or actions of anyone else be very sure you know all.

I believe very strongly that disillusionment is mostly the result of misjudging other people. It has its roots in expectations that were never well founded. It springs from false ideas and false hopes.

I think, in fact, that disillusionment is the inevitable punishment of the self-centred and the selfish. Think it out, and see if you agree.

SHADOW OVER THE FAMILY

by DR. DAVID MACE

We need even more than family grants to ease the economic strain on parents, says Dr. Mace in the fifth of his articles on the crisis in the home

SHORTLY BEFORE MY WEDDING-DAY an older colleague took me aside and gave me some good advice. I've forgotten most of what he told me, but one sentence still sticks in my mind. "Remember," he said, "that tuppenny buns are fourpence when you're married."

I have had good reason since to recall that pithy summary of the economics of family life. Yes, and that's only the beginning of it. The price of tuppenny buns soars up to sixpence, eightpence, and even higher as the children arrive.

This problem of the sheer cost of maintaining a family is one of the factors which has brought us to the crisis of today. In the years immediately before the war, hard figures showed that hundreds of thousands of British fathers were simply unable to earn enough to keep the members of a normal family above the starvation level.

A family, in fact, had become a *luxury* which many people just couldn't afford. It was a crippling burden which might drag a man down to destitution.

How has this come about?

Imagine yourself in the Britain before the industrial revolution—say a couple of hundred years ago. The population of the whole country wasn't any greater than that of London today. These people were scattered widely over the land, living mostly in villages or hamlets.

There were no large towns, no factories as we know them today. To travel a hundred miles was a great adventure. There were no railways, no cars or bicycles, very bad roads. People lived on the land and mostly stayed at home.

The family in those days "did for itself" almost entirely. People often built their own houses, and made their own furniture. They fetched their own water and got rid of their own sewage. They made candles to light their home, and gathered wood to heat it. They made their own butter and cheese from the milk of their own cows, got their eggs and meat from their own poultry or stock, grew their own vegetables.

Human Beehive

Bread was baked at home, soap and medicine were home-produced, clothes and shoes repaired and sometimes made at home. The few things they didn't make themselves were made for them by a neighbour, and often acquired by barter or in exchange for labour.

This kind of family was like a human beehive. Everybody helped to get things done. A lone man was in a hopeless position. But with a wife and children he had valuable assets. The more hands there were to share the work, the more secure and self-contained the little community became. A large family meant prosperity.

The coming of industry changed all this. People left the land and trekked to the towns, where houses were small and streets narrow. No longer could the wife make everything in the home. No longer could children contribute to the family resources.

So the family soon became an economic liability instead of an asset. All the things it had formerly produced had now to be bought in the shops, out of money earned by the father. Standards of living improved, costs increased. What had once been regarded as luxuries came to be considered necessities.

A man's wife and children, once his helpers, became now his dependants, taking more and more out of his earnings, and contributing little or nothing to the family finances.

In the end the strain became intolerable, and the economic fabric of the family began to give way. The price of the tuppenny buns became prohibitive. The family institution could no longer survive without help from outside. That was where things had got to in the years just before the war.

I lived and worked for four years in Bermondsey, and I know from first hand experience the intolerable conditions with which many families were confronted in those days. To maintain a home, for these unprivileged people, was just one long, hideous, hopeless struggle. I saw good men go under as wave after wave of despair and debt swept over them.

The inevitable happened. The State had to step in with subsidies. The first consideration was naturally for the children. Welfare services for babies, free meals, milk and boots for children at school—these efforts were made to relieve the hopeless burden laid upon the father as a provider. Often the mother had to help by going out to work. Desperate cases were met by public assistance.

All that has not been enough. Moreover, it is in principle the wrong method. You don't strengthen the family by taking over the father's responsibilities. You only weaken his position and thus make the family unit more insecure. Patching up from outside is no permanent solution. The family itself must be reinforced, made sound and stable from within.

We have not really begun to face this task. The present family allowances are a step in the right direction. But something more is needed.

The best solution, in my view, would be a system of taxation which made full allowance, in the case of each individual citizen, for the dependants who had to live by sharing his or her income.

Foundation of Society

No longer can a man's family be viewed as his own personal and private affair. It is a vital part of the social structure—the very foundation of it, in fact.

A nation has no more precious asset than its homes, and the quality of its community life can rise no higher than the quality of its family life. It is a fundamental injustice that tuppenny buns should cost more to the men and women who are shaping the future by creating families than to those who are serving the nation in other ways.

This business of economics is basic to any recovery of home and family life. We must face it with full understanding, and apply a policy which is liberal and bold.

Within the shortest possible space of time, every family in the land must be housed in conditions where the basic dignities and decencies of family life are fully provided for. Every family must be free from want and the fear of want. Every family must have access to all the services it needs to preserve its health and welfare at the highest possible level.

Given such a charter as this, I believe we could soon put the family on its feet again. The cost of doing it would certainly be heavy. But the cost of not doing it would be heavier still.

Dr. Mace, who is Secretary of the Marriage Guidance Council, will conclude this series next week.

WHITE HEART CHERRY

Late Night Final, Damson Cream, Limetail, Creamy Egg Flip, Whoopee, Grand Martini. Wonderful names for wonderful Cocktails. The war reduced the quantity available but it never reduced the *quality* of

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COCKTAILS

Supplies are available in limited quantities from all good wine merchants at the controlled price of 14/6d. a bottle.

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I POUR SOME WINDOLENE ON TO A SOFT CLOTH...
SPREAD IT OVER THE WHOLE WINDOW... WAIT TILL IT DRIES
GIVE A QUICK POLISH... AND THE GLASS SPARKLES!

No more messing about with bucket and water to clean the windows! Windolene does the job in half the time, with no hard rubbing. Grease, dirt and fly marks vanish. Gives a marvellous shine that *lasts*. For mirrors and picture glass, too. Get some *now* from your grocer or ironmonger.

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CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

DUNLOP

Still

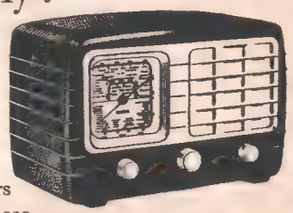
the standard by which all tyres are judged

414/306

Look... it's lovely!

Listen...

it's superb!



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A *roll on the Prestoband like an ordinary bandage*

B *cut off the end*

C *press down and its done...*

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1½" wide 6d.
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All 4 yds. long

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At all chemists. *A product of Vernon & Co. Ltd., Preston, Lancs.*

SUCCESSFUL FLYING still needs YOU!

Remember the time you and Bill did a complete plug change — both engines — in twenty minutes? Good going, wasn't it? The Flight Commander made his dusk sortie after all, and got two 88s. *You* had had a big share in those two kills.

There's still room for you in the R.A.F. If you miss the old life, and "civvy street" is not all you expected, here's your opportunity to rejoin. The new Bounty Scheme — worth £125 tax free for 4 years' service on top of increased pay rates — is open to airmen under 42. You keep your old rank. You enjoy improved peace-time conditions.

MEN IN CIVIL LIFE between 17½ *and* 33 *may enter one of* 100 *trades for* 5 *or* 10 *years.*

*I am interested in *joining/rejoining (*Strike out word which does not apply)*

Royal Air Force

Please send details without obligation.

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Post to: Air Ministry, I.R. Victory House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

11DL

For men in a hurry

WARDONIA BLADES

FOR QUICKER SHAVES

When City warns of *intumescence

Then more's the need for **schweppervescence

* Intumescence (n) the process of swelling up (e.g. inflation). (*Oxford English Dictionary*).

** Schweppervescence (n) The sine qua non of the better Table Waters that will return with Schweppes . . . eventually.

Thousands of School of Accountancy students have risen from the ranks to

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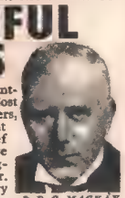

as Directors, Managers, Accountants, Company Secretaries, Cost Accountants, Office Managers, Auditors, Local Government Officers, Cashiers, Chief Clerks and in other Executive Appointments at salaries ranging from £350 to £2,000 a year. The School of Accountancy Postal Tuition brings success to average men and women who have the initiative to qualify for responsible positions.

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FREE SPEECH

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

GIVE THE GERMANS HOPE

WE PROMISED THE GERMANS that food rations in our zone of occupation would be kept up during the month of November. There was perhaps a feeling of self-righteous satisfaction at that promise.

But it was a limited undertaking and I do not think these limited undertakings are good enough.

We must now guarantee the German people a chance to live, not for a month but for the future. How else can we expect them to tackle their own rehabilitation? You cannot expect a man to lay long-term plans for his family's well-being if he is living from day to day. You cannot expect a nation to do what the family unit cannot do.

The practical solution to all this is outside British hands. Supplies from America and adequate transport alone can put things right. But there will be no solution so long as opinion in this country is divided and so long as there is a majority who thinks "the Germans were our enemies, let them suffer."—H. E., 20 Goodwood Court, Devonshire Street, London, W.1.

"Hello" Snobbery

ON HOLIDAY in a country village, I tried to put through a trunk call from the telephone kiosk. After more than half an hour of dialling and ringing, I gave it up and went to a private house to ask if I could use the phone.

There, the exchange answered immediately. I asked why I had not been able to get through from the kiosk and the operator explained: "We've got enough to do here with subscribers' calls without bothering with public call boxes."—N. N. MUNRO, London, N.W.11.

Towns without "Uncles"

THERE IS PRACTICALLY NO POVERTY, as the poor in the great city slums know it, in the small market towns and villages. Consequently there are no pawnbrokers and very little Public Assistance. You seldom see ill-clothed and ill-fed children.

I know all the small towns of Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire and have not yet discovered a single pawnbroker in any of them—a sure sign of general well-being.—FRED FRENCH, Bow Brickhill, Bletchley, Bucks.

He Tried It!

IN A RECRUITING ADVERTISEMENT in one of the papers, I saw fourteen "facts" about the modern Army. One, which interested me particularly, said that civvies could be worn off duty.

I was specially interested because I was doing fourteen days C.B. at the time . . . because I had worn civvies after 21.00 hours when I was off duty and had not to go on again until 08.00 hours the next morning.—P. R., India Command. (Name and address enclosed.)

Global Coverage

SOME MONTHS AGO you published a letter of mine saying how difficult it was to buy an English dictionary. I soon received forty-three offers of dictionaries from readers in all parts of the British Isles—including one from a gentleman in Brixton Prison.

But, to top everything, a parcel came today from Adelaide, Australia. It contained a dictionary.—R. MURRAY, 52 Review Road, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.

Dog-phobia

WHAT PLACE HAS PHYSICAL fear in the make-up of men who are considered to have moral courage? It has always puzzled me. I have wondered, too, why dogs seem to claim me as their

"... really afraid of dogs"

lawful prey. I am really afraid of dogs and they never fail to detect the fact and give me a rough time. If any philosophical or psychological tip is forthcoming from readers, I shall be very grateful.—PASTOR W. C. WRIGHT, F.R.S.A., Audley, Stoke-on-Trent.

Chatterbugs

FOR A LONG TIME I have thought that there should be no place in the modern home for radio loudspeakers. Radio brought the music and literature of the masters within the reach of all—but how often one hears beautiful speech and music completely ignored or ruined by the chatter of people in a room.

The alternative? The old, despised earphones. Half a dozen sockets for use in different parts of the house could be cheaply installed in new buildings and then no one would have to listen unless they wished. Mother could read in peace, Mary could get on with her homework, while Dad and John listened to different programmes.—C. HARRISON, 87 Devon Street, Beswick, Manchester.

. See "Thinking Around Radio," page 18.

Are You Ambitious?

DOZENS OF LETTERS in the papers and innumerable complaints in conversation draw attention to the lack of opportunity for advancement in life. There has always been, and always will be, ample scope in this world for the fellow with the right ideas and the will to carry them out.

The truth of the matter is that most people are content to stay put in a steady job and allow themselves to be led by the few who have the drive and incentive to climb the ladder of success.—A. HUTCHINSON, 30 Myrtle Street, Glasgow.

Lamour Bores Them

IT IS A DULL, COLD SATURDAY. We have searched the local paper and can see all manner of interesting entertainment for adults but not a thing suitable for two boys of seven and eight, who are naturally bored to tears by James Mason or Dorothy Lamour.

Is it not high time our cities provided the children with a cinema-cum-theatre of their own where they could see *Robinson Crusoe* or *Peter Pan* or cowboys and Indians? When I was a child at least we had Tom Mix and Rin Tin Tin.—MRS. LILY E. DIXON, 20 Pamela Place, Leicester.

Slandered Servicemen

TWICE RECENTLY IN JOHN BULL I have read stories of pampered ex-soldiers who have had everything done for them—such stories are insults to the men who fought. It is alleged that young ex-Servicemen waste their time on leave before searching for work. My experience of Employment Exchanges is that they are horrified if anyone asks for a job in the early days of demobilization. The view seems to be that such enthusiasts are "profiteers" angling for a double income.—EX-CORPORAL, R.A.F., Margate. (Name and address enclosed.)

Rubber Stamped

AFTER ONLY NINE MONTHS in the Army I have discovered that it works in many mysterious ways, but I'm sure my

"... branded on the wrists"

latest experience must be unusual. When filing in for tea we were "branded" on the wrist with a rubber stamp to prevent us going round again.—SAPPER R., Winchester, Hants. (Name and address enclosed.)

A Fine Picture . . .

NOT VERY OFTEN has a paper the decency and unaffected honesty to print a picture such as you printed of the mother feeding her baby. There was an expression on the mother's face that should do more than yards of sentimental twaddle to counteract this modern view that there is something wrong in the normal and natural way of nurturing a young life.—MRS. E. H., London Road, Newcastle-Under-Lyme, Staffs.

. . . Bad Taste

SURELY JOHN BULL HAS grown up enough to ban stunt pictures such as the one printed on page 17 of your November 16 issue. Breast-feeding is something completely intimate and as such not a subject for popular illustration. In any case, with modern scientific developments, the practice is dying out.—DONALD SAUNDERS, Casita, Beavers Hill, Farnham, Surrey.

Sunk with a Sink?

RE-CAST ALUMINIUM SINKS are now being made

"The pillow's part of the courtesy drive"

Let him help you win £500!

"STUDY past winning 'Bullets,' and make sure your efforts are not mere word-juggling, but really say something worth-while."

There, in a few words, you have a recipe that may well bring you a fortune and Christmas feast. It comes from our 1,551st *Bullets* First Prize-winner—reader A. Lindsay, 237 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow.

A £1,000 cheque and Millionaire's Weekend in London for Two rewarded him for his simple but telling effort, HEAVEN-SENT OPPORTUNITY—PEACEMAKERS MUSTN'T SEND "SKY-HIGH"! If you can appreciate the point of that and other *Bullets* on this page, there is no reason why *you* should not win a big cheque.

Full instructions for making your *Bullets* are given below. And if you value First Prize-winner Lindsay's advice, you will join the circle of *Bullets Bulletin* readers by enclosing the special label provided.

FINAL CHRISTMAS HAMPERS —this way to the prize-list

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

This week's prize efforts show some winning styles; for further help, enclose *Bulletin* label below with your entry.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

LIFE IN BRITAIN
EVERY CHRISTMAS
VOICE OF UNO
FOR POSTERITY
MAINSPRING OF INDUSTRY
HOUSEWIFE'S BURDEN
SENSELESS
CAREER OF CRIME
WORK LIKE MAD AND
ROUND THE FIRE
EVERYBODY ELSE
NOT FORGOTTEN
BOLD AS BRASS
THE MAN HE WAS
FATHER'S HEADACHE
HEALTH IS WEALTH, SO
LOOKS SIMPLE
AT OUR VILLAGE MEETING
IN THE CART
SOONER OR LATER

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

GAVE HIM A.....
DOESN'T NEED.....
WITH OUR.....
HUNG UP THE.....
CAN BE.....
TO..... GRANDPA

£500
"BULLETS"
1st PRIZE
Followed by
£50, £25
10 of £10
(All prizes above with 12lb Christmas Bird—Turkey or Goose as available)
100 XMAS HAMPERS
(Each containing Fowl, Plum Pudding, Cigarettes, etc. etc.)
1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 1,558 (or Xword 510), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

"BULLETS" & XWORD RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated December 28, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD CASH and FOWLS

In addition to £100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up, there are up to 100 Christmas Fowls—one with each prize value 5s. and over in this Crossword.

Post Square by Monday, Dec. 9.

Across Clues.

1. Many occupations give a man neither much scope nor this
4. Sound government will bring more these in its train
8. There's something sloppy about one
9. One might well associate this with water
11. This is very important part of plough
13. Where newspapers are quite commonly seen
14. A good one is useful in a struggle

Down Clues.

1. Stupidity can make a man this
2. Yours is not always appreciated by other people
3. Can behave in savage manner
5. Bridge sometimes means one
6. You can't really put this on horse
7. You can generally tell if it's this by listening carefully
10. Too much condensation can ruin one
12. Trimming is characteristic of one

RESULT OF "BULLETS" 1,554

FIRST PRIZE
£500 plus CHRISTMAS BIRD

A. Wilson, c/o 1 Ferryden Street, Whiteinch, Glasgow:

WAY TO BETTER — CONDITIONS — *WORLD* "BIG UNION."

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Christmas Bird:
R. E. Mabbett, 40 Bristol Street, Malmesbury, Wilts.
Cause Of The Explosion — "Atom's" Safety-pin "Detonated" Father!

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Christmas Bird:
T. Goddard, 37 Abbotts Road, Southall.
Cause Of The Stoppage—Union's "Machinery" Not Modernized.

10 PRIZES OF £10 plus Christmas Bird:

R. E. Ellis, 7 John Street, Lane Head, Brighouse. **Considering Everything—Official—Or Just Ceiling?**

T. Hackett, 51 Sheringham Drive, Barking. **Keeps Grandpa Busy—Whitehall—Carbine Unaccounted For!**

Miss C. Hodson, 33 Wellfield Road, Preston. **Anybody's Hair — Father's "Perm" Would Curl!**

C. H. Hollins, Old Storridge, Alfrick, near Worcester. **Way To Accident—Spin—Nips—Spin—**

Rev. G. W. M. Laurence, St. Paul's Vicarage, East Ham, E.6. **Precious Little Rest—For Police—"More Wanted."**

V. Mace, High Street, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos. **Policeman Uno — Preventing Humanity "Robbing"** *Itself.*

Miss C. Revell, Station Road, Salhouse, Norwich. **In The Making—"Brain"—Making** *Us* **Think.**

F. Stephens, 38 Station Road, Addlestone. **Way To Attract—Recruits—Beat** *Humdrum!*

L. Thorpe, 206 Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester. **On The Peace Raft—"Great Bear"** *Hindering* **"Navigation."**

A. Wilson, c/o 1 Ferryden Street, Whiteinch, Glasgow. **Cause Of The Smash—Both Drivers Admiring "Smasher."**

Notifications have been sent to 100 winners of Christmas Hampers, and 1,500 "Good Shot" prizes have been posted.

CHEQUES AND FOWLS WON—XWORD 506

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Mates. 4, Hovel. 7, Gain. 9, Tool. 10, Folly. 12, Car. 14, Catch. DOWN: 1, Mess. 2, Foes. 3, Zed. 5, Loyal. 6, Honey. 8, Fours. 11, Load. 13, Dad.

SIX £100 SHARERS: Mrs. F. Allenby, Kirkella; W. H. Catt, Cranbrook; T. Curley, Chorley; J. Francis, London N.9.; D. A. Richards, Llanelly; Mrs. Stevens, Poole.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 60 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive Christmas Fowls in addition.

£100 CASH and FOWLS for this XWORD

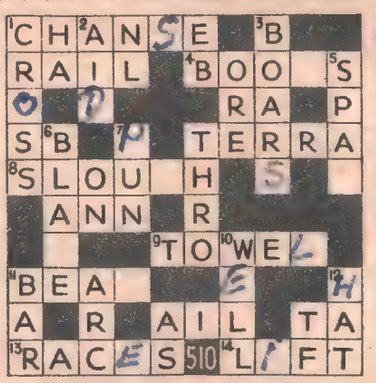
How to Enter

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner — sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Not more than one prize per Contest to any one entrant. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules

510 Closing Postmark, MON. DEC. 9.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

No.....



Entry-fee: Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending Square only with 6d., address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

Pencilled entries NOT allowed in Crosswords.

Signed .....

Address .....

country we have the opinion that the more a teacher punishes, the worse teacher he is.

Further, I should like to say that in my country, not only in State schools but in all schools, corporal punishment has been forbidden by law.—F. GEORGE BRANTIGAM, Essenburginpl 139a, Rotterdam W., Holland.

Old as You Feel

AT SEVENTY-SIX I am doing a full day's work in a London office. In addition, I run a small business and this needs attention in my "spare" time.

Occasionally people call on me, either at the office or at my shop, asking for a subscription to help the aged—who seem to be people ten or eleven years younger than I am. No one ever thinks I should be a recipient and not a subscriber.—JOHN BALFOUR, 391 St. John Street, London, E.C.1.

Roll and Butter—1s.

WHILE I WAS LUNCHING with a friend last week in a restaurant near the Strand, the waiter served us with a roll and butter, in addition to the permitted three courses.

It was served automatically, without request or expectation. So was the addition of 1s. each to the cover charge!

Was ever a black market so deeply dyed?—A. R. FULSON, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

Gateless Danger Spots

THE OTHER DAY I was travelling on a bus when the driver had to pull up dead as a little child wandered on to the road out of the front door of a house. I saw that several houses in the road, like this child's, had no gate. The gates were taken away during the war. They should be put back now to keep death off the roads.—A. DAVIES, 229 Nutgrove Road, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Flower by Another Name

MY FRIEND AND HER FIANCE were invited to a dinner and dance and, on the way to call for her, the young man bought three red carnations for a buttonhole.

After several dances my friend saw a large red stain on her partner's white waistcoat. It was dye from the "red" carnations.—MRS. P., London. (Name and address enclosed.)

Press Freedom

IN THE BAD OLD DAYS offenders were punished by the shame and ridicule of the stocks. We think of the stocks as relics of an unenlightened age, but we have a much crueller instrument of torture—the local Press.

On the sacred altar of "news," victims are exposed without mercy. Often the suffering caused by a public "showing up" is out of proportion to the gravity of the offence.—N. H. L., Bristol. (Name and address enclosed.)

Polish Boy Friend

YOURS IS A DEMOCRATIC and outspoken journal, so you must print this. . . . I am English. I like things English. But I am also very fond of a Polish boy. Many people, formerly my friends, now run me down and say I was a nice girl until I "started to go about with the Poles."

All the Poles I have known have been interesting, happy and much more courteous than the average British boy. What do people think is wrong with them?

And how can we hope to build a new world with equal rights and opportunities if we, in this country, retain our traditional narrow-mindedness and distrust of Europeans?—MISS S. C., Co. Durham. (Name and address enclosed.)

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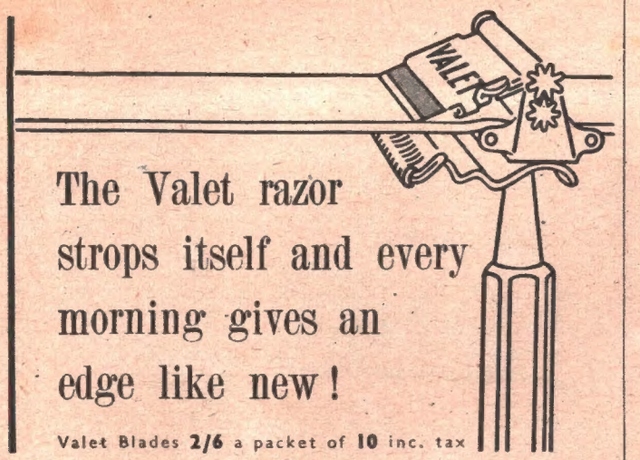

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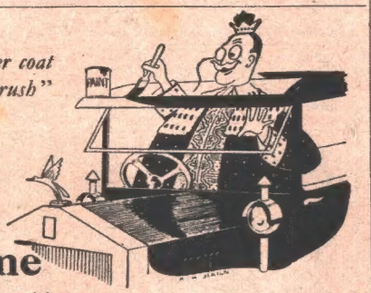

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Money Exchange

"AFTER A HOLIDAY in Denmark, my son inadvertently brought home some Danish ten-shilling notes. He has been told by banks and tourist agencies that they cannot be changed into English money here. Could he send them to friends in Denmark and ask for tinned foods in exchange?"

▸▸ No. Food parcels sent into this country must be unsolicited gifts, and money cannot be exchanged for this purpose.

Absent Owner

"A FRIEND OF MINE has lived in a cottage for eight years without being able to find the owner of the property, who left the country before the war. What is his legal position?"

▸▸ When your friend has occupied the cottage for twelve years without his right being challenged, he would have a prescriptive right to it.

Debt Dodger

"A SHOPKEEPER who owes me money has had his business transferred to his wife so that creditors cannot touch any of the goods. Is it legal for a man to avoid paying his debts in this way?"

▸▸ If the amount of the debt is substantial it is possible to recover it. You can apply to court for the assignment to be set aside on the grounds that it is being done to evade liabilities. If the debtor goes to prison the debt would be discharged in this way.

Bill for Repairs

"I HAVE RECEIVED a notice from the company which owns my house that I am responsible for certain repairs to the premises, including fences, electrical fittings, etc. I have received a bill for repairs. Should I pay it?"

▸▸ Unless when you took the house you agreed to do the repairs your landlords cannot now alter the terms of the tenancy. Before they could do this they would have to regain possession. As you are protected by the Rent Restrictions Act they could not get possession except by court order.

Military Accident

"SHOULD AN ARMY dispatch rider on an unofficial journey injure a civilian through sheer carelessness, can the civilian claim damages from the military authorities?"

▸▸ The civilian should claim damages from the dispatch rider if the accident occurred when the rider was not on duty.

Cocoa Allowance

"ARE OFFICE WORKERS up to the age of twenty-one entitled to the Government's National Milk Cocoa, or is it reserved for factory workers only? I am a junior clerk in an insurance office and we are not allowed a morning break to get a drink. Aren't we entitled to the cocoa?"

▸▸ National Milk Cocoa is available to all workers under the age of twenty-one regardless of the nature of their business. Employers should apply for the permit from their local Food Office. Employees must not be charged more than 1d. per one-third pint cup of the made-up beverage.

Lower Taxation

"I AM A MARRIED MAN and my total income is £219. I own my house, net rateable value £24, on which I have to pay £12 tax. Am I not entitled to the lower rate of taxation?"

▸▸ Unless your house is subject to ground rent or mortgage interest from which you deduct tax at the time of payment, you should not have been liable to pay tax at 10s. in the £ on the Schedule A assessment of £24. In this case you should write to the Inspector of Taxes and ask whether you are entitled to a repayment of tax.

Noise Problem

"THE NEXT-DOOR neighbours have recently started a joinery business and erected a workshop in the yard. The noise disturbs my wife, who is an invalid and must rest every afternoon. Can I take any action?"

▸▸ Your local council may be able to deal with the nuisance under the Interim Planning Order, which forbids businesses to be established in a residential area without consent. If they are unable to take action you are advised to see a solicitor.

Joint Savings

"MY WIFE AND I have bought savings certificates. Is it possible to have them put in our joint names without drawing them out and buying afresh?"

▸▸ Write to the Director of Savings, Savings Certificates Division, Morecambe, Lancashire, or Blythe Road, Kensington, London, quoting the registered numbers. The transfer to your joint names can then be arranged.

House Numbers

"THE POSTMAN must find it difficult to deliver letters in our neighbourhood because some of the houses have no numbers or names. Are the postal authorities responsible for seeing that houses are numbered?"

▸▸ No. The Postmaster-General has no legal powers in this matter. These rest with the local authorities. In cases where the absence of house numbers causes inconvenience and delay in the delivery of letters, the question is taken up by the Post Office with the local authority concerned.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 16

ECONOMICS. (1) Trade cycle; (2) Vicious circle of rising prices and rising wages results in there being too much money in relation to goods available; (3) International monetary problems; (4) The nation owes it to the people; (5) Karl Marx.

SONGS. (1) Five miles; (2) Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules, of Hector and Lysander and such great names as these; (3) Fishmonger; Miner; (4) "I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me"; (5) In Scarlet Town; Loch Leven.

LOVERS. (1) Kitty O'Shea; (2) Jacob for Rachel; (3) Shah Jehan built it in memory of his beloved; (4) George IV; (5) David Rizzio.

WORDS. (1) Wigs, spats; (2) Censoring; Thomas Bowdler, who edited the Family Shakespeare; (3) Spoonerisms; (4) What is apparent strikes the view, what is evident leaves no hesitation in the mind; (5) The representative of Buncombe, N. Carolina, America, said he was not speaking to the House but to his constituency, when asked why he had made such a flowery and angry speech.

SIGNS. (1) Sharp; long pause; (2) Square root; because; (3) MCMXLVI; (4) Delete; space; (5) Rook takes Queen; Castles on Queen's side.

PSYCHOLOGY. (1) An automatic reaction to a stimulus; for example, your mouth waters when food is mentioned; (2) That sex is the primary motive in all behaviour; (3) An introvert is always within himself, is dreamy and retiring; an extrovert is jolly and appears happy; (4) Love of oneself; (5) A psychiatrist is a physician who specializes in psychological medicine; a psycho-analyst is a specialist in mental processes based on the researches of Freud and Jung.

SPORT. (1) Golf, yachting, football, steeplechasing; (2) Ice-hockey; (3) Number of strokes that should be taken per hole without mistakes; any particularly bad shot; (4) Marbles and a piece of chalk; (5) Prize annually competed for by Thames watermen.

SHAKESPEARE. (1) Mark Antony; (2) Richard III; (3) A handkerchief; (4) Gertrude and Hamlet; (5) John, Richard II, Henry IV, Henry V, Henry VI, Richard III, Henry VIII, Cymbeline, Macbeth.

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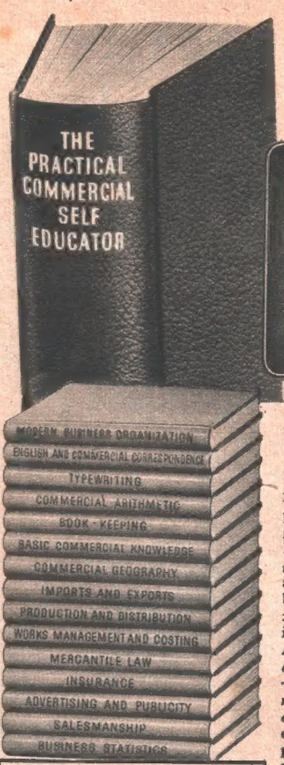

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